The Outlook

Volume 138 November 19, 1924 Number 12

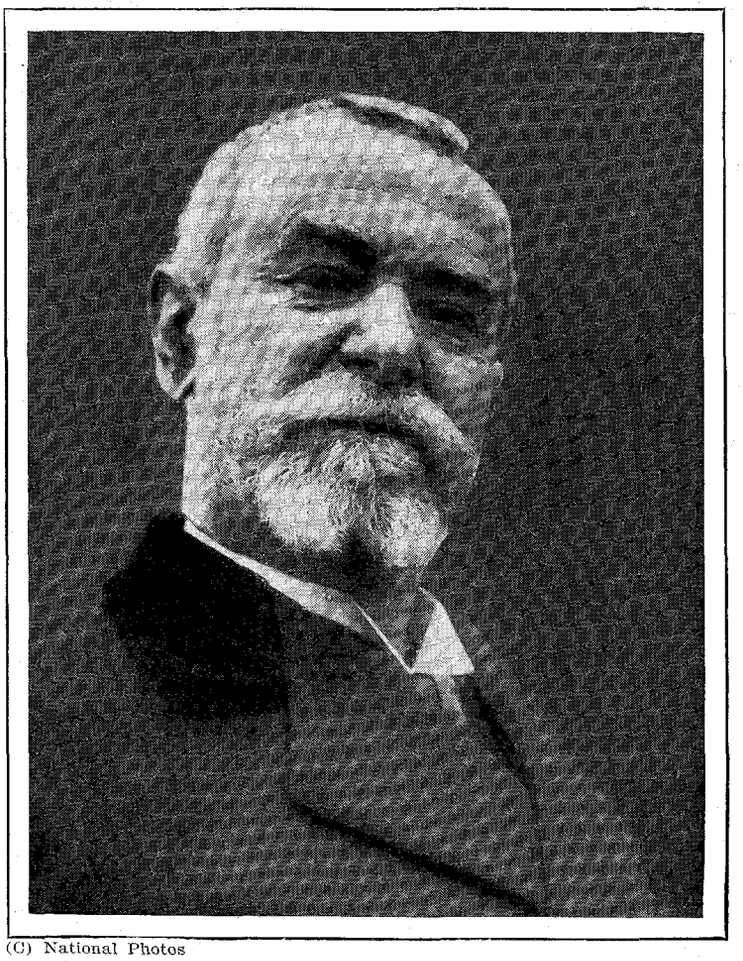
Jusserand, Friend of America

UNHAPPILY, we have verified the report that Ambassador Jusserand of France, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, is about to retire. So far no date appears to have been fixed for this great French patriot and diplomat to return to his beloved France; but, whatever the date, possibly about the first of the year, it will come too soon. All Americans who know him or know of him and who realize what his understanding friendship has meant to this country regret that it is to come at all.

It is not the business of citizens of this country to counsel the French Government as to its duty in providing for diplomatic representation anywhere. Even if it were seemly on other ground, it would be most unseemly for Americans above any other people to protest against the recall of ambassadors. America's record in this respect is not such as to warrant any advice to a country that has kept a great Ambassador here for twenty-two years.

During that time Jules Jusserand has had many a difficult task. In every case he has had to be the spokesman of a people who in history, temperament, standards of life, and ways of thinking are about as far removed from the American people as any liberty-loving, highly civilized, and democratic people can be. One of the very strongest attachments of France to Americans is the contrast of that land to their own country. If Americans understand France better now than they once did, it is largely due to the presence of this great and engaging son of France for these many years among us. In all this time he has never become expatriated; he is the better friend of America because of his devotion to his own country and his own people. He understands America as few foreigners have ever understood her, and better than many Americans do. He could be a close friend of President Roosevelt's without ceasing to be for an instant intensely French. He could be President of the American Historical Association, as he was in 1921, without allowing any one to forget that he was a citizen of France. He has been the diplomat while he has been the historian, the scholar, and the stylist.

We hope that he will continue to come to America as America's friend. We hope that he will continue to help his countrymen to understand us as he has enabled us to understand them. And, above all, we hope that his release from official duties will free his delightful pen to run its course.



(C) National Photos

Ambassador Jusserand, who is soon to retire from his post after twenty-two years' service

American Architects and the League of Nations

THE report from Brussels to the effect that at a private meeting of the League Council it was decided to bar American architects from participation in the competition for the new home of the League Assembly at Geneva is, of course, not quite a fair way of stating the case. There has been no discrimination by the Council against American architects as such, but against architects of all countries not members of the League. By this ruling Russians, Germans, and Americans, together with nationals of a few other lesser countries, are equally barred.

By far the most interesting aspect of the statement is the revelation it makes of the fact that the Council has finally decided to throw open the designing of the new building to international competition. This has been done only after very careful debate. Those who were in Geneva this fall will remember how eagerly the question was discussed and how divided were the views on the matter. On the one side were those who desired an international competition; on the other, those who felt that, no matter how such a competition resulted, it could not fail to engender heart-burnings and unhappy rivalries. These latter insisted that the difficulty could be surmounted,

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and even turned to excellent account, by inviting Switzerland to provide the architect. It would, they maintained, be a graceful act, would obviate the risks of an international competition, and would insure a building, if not strikingly original, at any rate efficient and in keeping with its surroundings.

On the whole, there is a great deal to be said for this view of the matter. The Swiss have done pretty well in Geneva, even in their modern buildings, and when it comes to a question of pure utility they are past-masters. Anyway, it is a cause of great satisfaction that the work is to be proceeded with. The present Salle de la Réformation, where the League Assembly has held its meetings for the last five years, can surely find no one to say a good word for it. In spite of all that the Geneva authorities can do with it, it still remains one of the most unsuitable places for such a gathering. Not a board in its floors but creaks and groans at the slightest movement, not a rafter that does not echo and re-echo with the utmost contrariness. No speech in the Assembly, just passed, was more vigorously applauded than that of the Swiss delegate, M. Gustave Ador, in which he expressed the hope that when they met next year it would be in a new hall of their own.

Japan's Foreign Policy

PREMIER KATO'S recent declaration of foreign policy, made to his supporters at a rally of the Kensaikai, signifies a healthy tone in Japanese public opinion and is reassuring to all Japan's friends.

Japan to-day is a nation hard hit. Although more than a year has passed since the great disaster which wrecked so many hopes overnight, comparatively little has been done in the way of restoration. The blow was so swift and so heavy and the damage so severe and widespread that no one seems to have had the courage to envisage the result. At first, the great effort of the Government was to prevent the extent of the disaster being known, and in any and every way to keep up the spirits of the people. Japan, it was said, would recover quickly and amaze the world by her resource; business would not only be carried on as usual, but more prosperously than ever. The result of all this was that no one sat down to count the cost and to build again on a firm foundation. A reckless spirit of gambling spread through the country and every one sought to retrieve his fortunes, not by hard work, but by some lucky throw.

All that is best in Japan to-day is beginning to see the suicidal nature of such a policy and the necessity of bringing the nation's concept of itself more into accord with reality.

So Premier Kato announces a complete neutrality, as far as China is concerned. There is to be no dictation, and there are to be no adventures. In spite of the fact that Manchuria and Mongolia are still held to be "essential to Japan's existence," Japan is evidently determined to be patient, and to take no action that would not meet with the approval of the other Powers.

Similarly in the case of Russia Japan has done with aggression. In spite of the fact that she has large credits in Russia, and that the Nikolaievsk affair involving the murder of many of her nationals has never been settled, Japan will make no attempt to secure her rights by force. At the same time, she will not recognize the Soviet Government. "It has been clearly proved," declared the Premier to his followers, "that Communism, Anarchism, and extreme radicalism are incompetent to make good their promises. Only a steady national policy can lead to world safety and peace." If Viscount Kato can inspire confidence in such views throughout the country, a foundation for a real national upbuilding will have been laid.

The Election in Cuba

CUBA has its Presidential election in the same month and the same year and almost on the same date with the Presidential election in the United States. Perhaps less attention is paid to it here for that reason than would otherwise be the case.

The newly elected President of Cuba, General Gerardo Macado, the candidate of the Liberal and Popular Parties, is described by an American sympathizer with his views, Mr. V. M. Llorens, in a letter to the New York "World," as "a great friend of the American people, a great Cuban, a man of very high character, patriotic, very ambitious to do what is right, and a good, trusty friend." His opponent, ex-President Menocal, has long stood for the conservative interests, and, despite the mutual incrimination of parties and candidates so common in Cuba, has a high personal record.

It would be so phenomenal as almost to be miraculous if an election in Cuba, whichever way it might result, were not disputed on the ground of frauds and fraudulent corruption. After the election of November 1 Cuban despatches to the American press stated that General Menocal intended to dispute the election of General Macado on such grounds, and would bring charges before the courts. Later despatches, however, it is gratifying to know, state that General Menocal has taken the part of a good sportsman and a good loser and has conceded the election of General Macado.

This year the Popular Party has thrown its lot with the Liberal Party, although four years ago it was in favor of Zayas and opposed to Gomez, the Liberal leader, who was making trouble and threatening revolution. Because of this dispute General Crowder went down to Cuba under implied threats of intervention by this country under the Platt Amendment, if the disturbance became too great. Zayas became President, and it was expected that he would be the opponent of Menocal in the recent election; but he withdrew in favor of Macado.

Chamberlain and Churchill

TWO names distinguished in recent British history reappear in the new Government of Great Britain. The sons of Lord Randolph Churchill and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and Foreign Minister, respectively.

Perhaps Americans may be pardoned for welcoming the news that some one else than Lord Curzon is to direct Britain's foreign affairs. What the London "Times" once called "the pompous and pretentious manner" of Lord Curzon did not promote good understanding. The place which he had in the last Conservative Government is to be taken in the next one by Austen Chamberlain.

When Winston Churchill was elected to Parliament by a Conservative constituency, the question as to what should be done with him was one of the great problems of the moment in British politics. Mr. Baldwin answered the question by appointing him Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been recently numbered among the Liberals, and the Conservatives could hardly be blamed for looking at him askance. He deserted them once. He has scourged them in season and out of season over many long years. Yet Winston Churchill has qualities which can make him a tremendous

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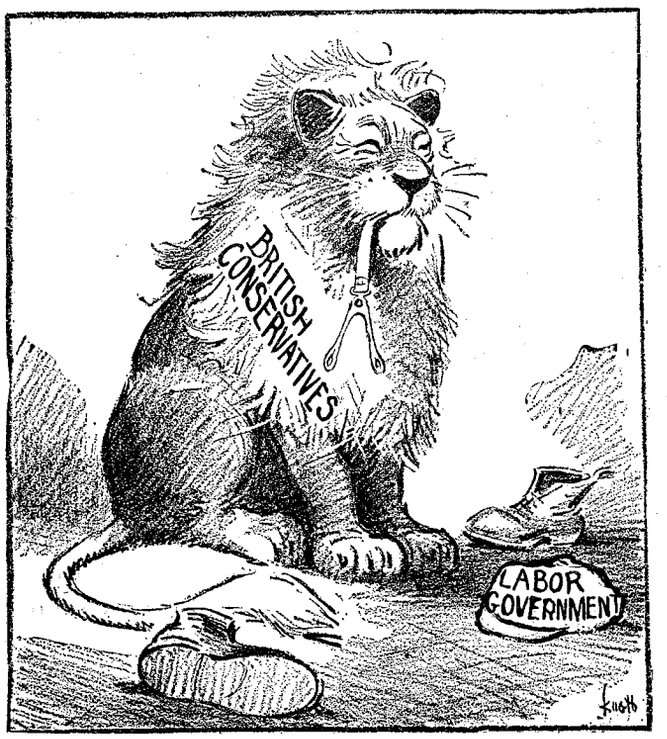
Some . . . are mad if they behold a cat

(Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1)

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



The end of Britain's Labor Government

From Albert W. Woods, Fort Worth, Texas

Dorman H. Smith in the Franklin (Ind.) Republican

An ordinary feline has only nine lives

From Mrs. Arch Byers, Franklin, Indiana

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News

Well, anyway, they still have the wagon

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

Reg. U. S. Patent Office Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

"Now let's see you come back!"

From John A. Boudousquie, Linton, Indiana

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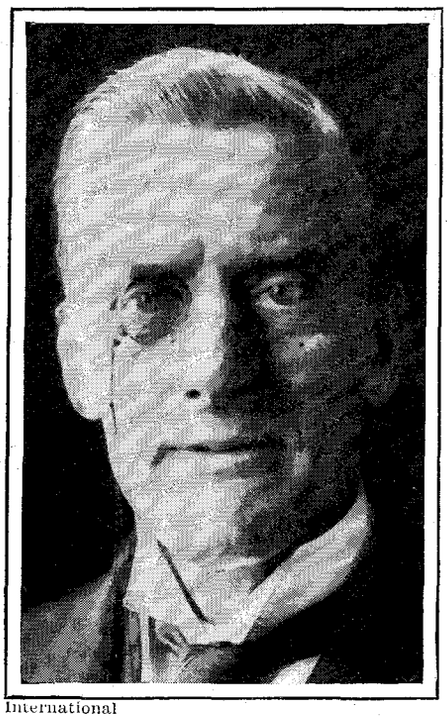
asset to any government, and especially to a Conservative government.

He has imagination and he has courage. The story is told of him that in his school days, when he was one of the firebrands of Harrow, some one asked him the inevitable question, what profession he thought of taking up. "The army, of course," he rapped out, "so long as there is any fighting to be had. When that's over, I shall have a shot at politics." He has carried out his programme faithfully enough. A. G. Gardiner could write of him more than a dozen years ago: "He has served in two regiments of the line, fought with the Spaniards in Cuba, and held a commission in the South African Light Horse. He knows life in four continents, and has smelt powder in three. He has seen more wars than any man of his years; written more books than any soldier living. He has been a war correspondent; he has been taken prisoner; he has escaped from prison. And he has shown the same address in war as in politics."

Since then the tragic period of the World War has come and gone. Through its dust and smoke and welter of fear the figure of Winston Churchill appears and reappears, now in all the brilliance of success, as in his early days at the Admiralty, now in all the tragedy of disaster.

What interests the student of world affairs to-day, and indeed a much larger audience, as far as Winston Churchill is concerned, is to see how this strange mixture of qualities, mellowed by time, is going to evolve. Winston Churchill has a passion for work, a passion for affairs, an almost insolent assurance and courage. He is capable of splendid solid achievement, as instance his reforms in the prison system, and he never knows when he is beaten.



International

Austen Chamberlain, announced as British Foreign Secretary in Stanley Baldwin's new Cabinet

Our Largest and Shortest Crop

JUST why a corn crop of some two and a half billion bushels more or less should be deplored as a short crop and should command much the highest prices per bushel since 1919 will appear from a glance at a table of the amounts of different foods consumed in a year by the average American family. Corn there appears under many names, and many times over. Beefsteak without its corn component would be less than half as thick. The pasturage supplies the steer with skin and bones, but the corn that he consumes is what chiefly renders him edible. Corn is still more extensively the source of pork and bacon. As for milk, while most of the canned kind is the product of pasturage, a great part of the milk consumed fresh is corn transmuted.

Indeed, eighteen out of forty-three articles of food in the family's every-day larder have more or less corn in them. By weight these eighteen form about one-third of the family's whole annual consumption. In consequence they render corn the staple of staples in the American food problem.

That is why, though we raise three times as much corn as wheat, and export relatively little of it, a drop of something like one-sixth in the corn crop sends the price of a bushel up within a few cents of the price for wheat. The difficulty with wheat in the past few years has been to find buyers able to pay for all the surplus that we normally raised. The difficulty with corn, this year at least, is, on the contrary, to make it go around.

Much has been said of late about the oversupply of farm products, and, by inference, of farmers. Yet of the most valuable single crop that they raise we could use in the next few months nearly half a billion bushels more if we but had it.

This is, indeed, a year of crop deficiency; the corn growers are numerous enough to supply the country's needs in ordinary seasons. But meanwhile the population grows, and the corn acreage does not promise to grow with it unless the inducements to its culture are enhanced. We may have too many wheat farmers, but it does not follow that we can do with fewer farmers, all told. The question how to maintain and increase the annual corn yield promises considerably to outlast and to exceed in significance the question how to correct the past few seasons' surplus of wheat.

X-ray Analysis, the Newest Science of Matter

ONE of the most valuable instances of recent scientific discovery was that made by von Laue a dozen years ago of an astonishingly simple, practical way to "see" the altogether submicroscopic atoms of crystals. As a result, a new method of analyzing the structure of matter has been growing up within the past three or four years on the basis of this invaluable discovery. A beam of X-rays is directed against a crystalline object, not with a view to seeing through it, but to note various interesting effects produced on diffracted X-rays by its atoms and molecules. In a general way, it might be said that far more than one would even dream could ever be ascertained about the atomic and molecular architecture of crystalline matter is actually being ascertained in this new manner. Incidentally, the same methods have taught us much about the nature of the X-rays.

Most gratifying of all, from the point of view of the pure scientist, is the proved fact that these actual tests have beautifully confirmed the mathematical deductions previously made concerning the way in which the invisible atoms and molecules are arranged. They turn out to be stored away in the crystals with marvelous precision of uniformly spaced layers and tiers, like blocks in a box. The atom, once a postulated unit, becomes real. Atoms do exist in fact—they are not just a convenient explanation of certain observed secondary phenomena. So science "guessed" right years ago.

A Means for Studying the Structure of Matter

AT the recent Toronto meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir William Bragg, foremost in the new science, presented a notable address on this analysis of crys-

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tal structure by X-rays. Sir William said: "We have therefore an immense field of research before us, into which the X-ray methods have provided an unexpected and welcome entrance. They tell us directly the number of molecules in the crystal unit cell, and the mode of their arrangement. . . . We hope in the end to determine the position of every atom, and explain its influence through its nature and position upon the properties of the substance. It is the chemistry of the solid that comes into view, richer in variety ever than the chemistry we have studied for the past century. . . . Every side of scientific activity takes part in this advance, for all sciences are concerned with the behavior of matter."

Von Laue's original belief that the atoms and molecules of crystals, if they were indeed arranged as he thought, would form a diffraction grating suitably minute for the X-rays (which differ from common light only in that their waves are about 10,000 times shorter) turned out to be correct; the results were as gratifyingly ideal as science could possibly have hoped, but the story is too long and too technical to tell in short space. The account is contained in recent works of scientific literature, however.

The new science so unexpectedly revealed has quickly captured the interest not merely of the crystallographer but of scientists of every sort, and it is perhaps the most promising means for the study of the manner in which the atoms and molecules build up matter.

Sir William Bragg and others find incidentally that still another unit of crystalline matter besides the electron, atom, and molecule exists; that is, the "crystal unit." A dozen or more molecules are grouped to form a crystal *in petto,* submicroscopic; and these units in turn are the bricks which make up the whole. Each crystal unit is a replica of the ideal crystal form.

The few who still incline to smile at the vagaries of modern science as misreported by a careless press could do no better than to investigate the manner in which the new experimental science of X-ray analysis has substantiated the deductive predictions of scientists, made when they lacked physical means to prove their theories.

Governors New and Renewed

THE outstanding achievement in the race for Governorships must undoubtedly be credited to Alfred E. Smith, of New York. By his personal popularity and because of the confidence reposed in him by the voters of New York City, he overturned a tremendous Republican majority. He was the only man on the Democratic State ticket to win office at the last election. This next year he will be a Democratic Governor dependent for his record of achievement upon a Republican Senate and a Republican Assembly. The election manifested the freedom of the voters of New York State. Will the coming year manifest the independence of New York's Governor and his Legislature from the party bickerings which so often clog the wheels of government when the control of a State is divided? One of the tasks of the Legislature will be to put back on the statute-books a liquor law similar to the one which Governor Smith caused to be repealed. Will it be possible to adjust the conflicting desires of the Governor and the Legislature so that New York State may again co-operate with the Federal Government in the maintenance of law and order? The Governor's support of the Mullan-Gage repeal was a futile gesture which accomplished nothing except to promote disrespect for law. It is to be hoped that the Governor will see his way clear to permit the passage of the much-needed liquor legislation. It is to be equally hoped that the Legislature will see its way clear to consider such measures of economy and social welfare as the Governor may propose solely on their merits and without regard for political advantage.

It is interesting to record that Governor Smith will have as part of his official executive family the first woman to occupy so high a position in the East. She is Mrs. Florence E. Knapp, Republican Secretary of State. Mrs. Knapp's nomination came to her after a campaign for office of a vigorous character. It was not a complimentary nomination designed to secure the support of women by the nomination of one of their sex.

In Massachusetts Alvan T. Fuller, who secured his nomination by the usual Bay State system of promotion from the Lieutenant-Governorship, was elected Governor. He has been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a member of Congress, and a delegate to a Republican National Convention. He was opposed by Mayor Curley, of Boston, whom the voters of Massachusetts did well to reject. When a Boston man has met a citizen of New York City during the last few years, there has generally resulted a generous offer from both sides to swap Mayors with nothing to boot. If such a deal could be consummated, it is our belief (though we would be open to argument from the opposition) that the city of New York would be the loser.

Two Western States elected women for Governors. It was long ago forecast that Mrs. Ferguson would easily win in Texas, and the prophecy was more than fulfilled. The election of Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross as Democratic Governor of Wyoming

International

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill acknowledging the cheers which greeted the announcement of Mr. Churchill's election

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Wide World Photos

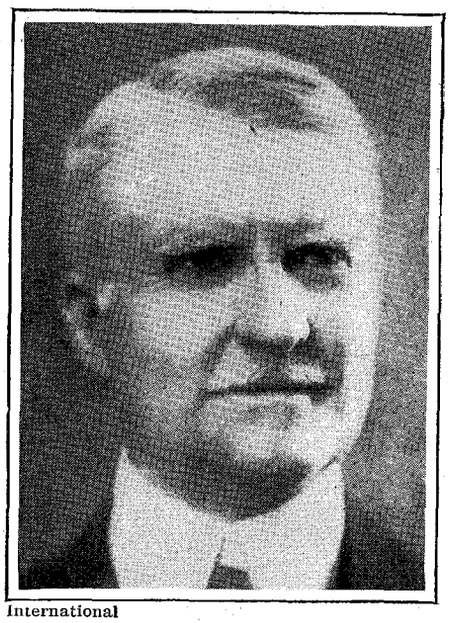
Guy D. Goff (Republican), newly elected Senator from West Virginia

P. & A. Photos

W. H. McMaster (Republican), newly elected Senator from South Dakota

P. & A. Photos

Charles S. Deneen (Republican), newly elected Senator from Illinois

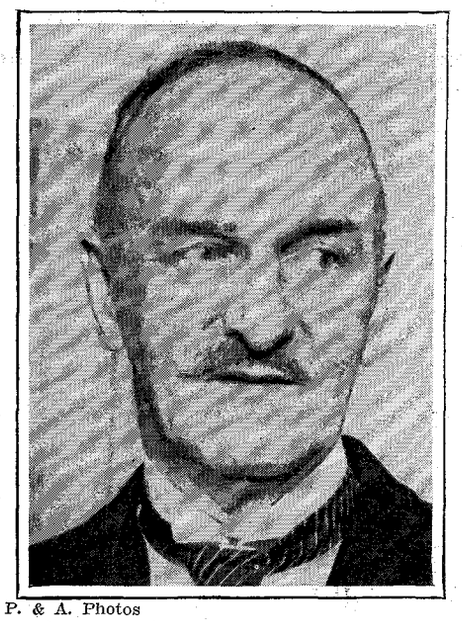


International

L. D. Tyson (Democrat), newly elected Senator from Tennessee

Fotograms

Mrs. Mary T. Norton (Democrat), newly elected Representative from New Jersey



P. & A. Photos

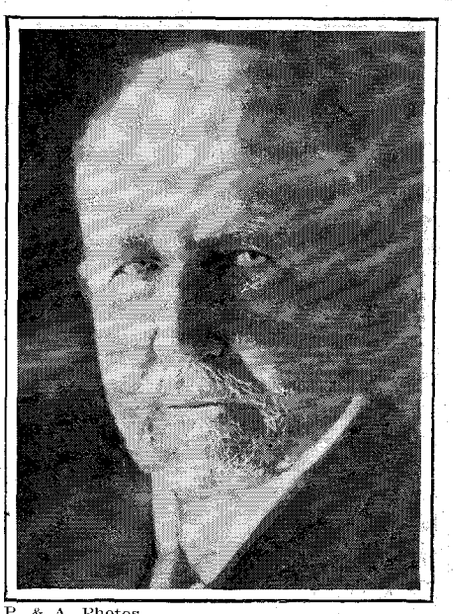
T. Coleman du Pont (Republican), newly elected Senator from Delaware

P. & A. Photos

Frederic M. Sackett (Republican), newly elected Senator from Kentucky

P. & A. Photos

Thomas D. Schall (Republican), newly elected Senator from Minnesota



P. & A. Photos

Frederick H. Gillett (Republican), newly elected Senator from Massachusetts

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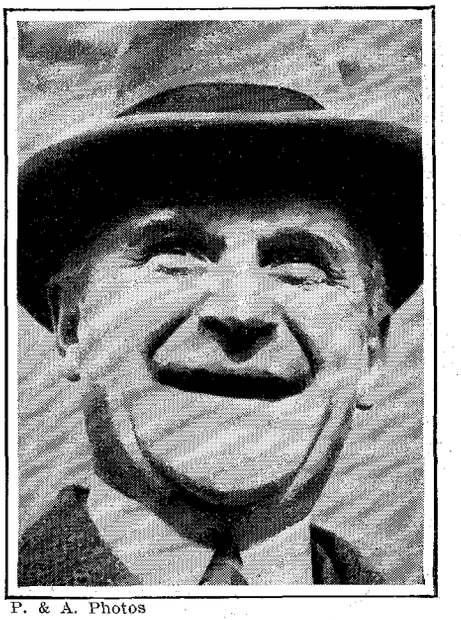
P. & A. Photos

Ed Jackson (Republican), newly elected Governor of Indiana

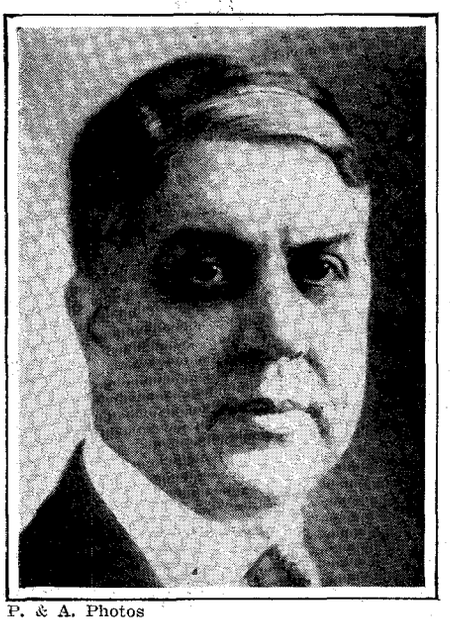
P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross (Democrat), newly elected Governor of Wyoming



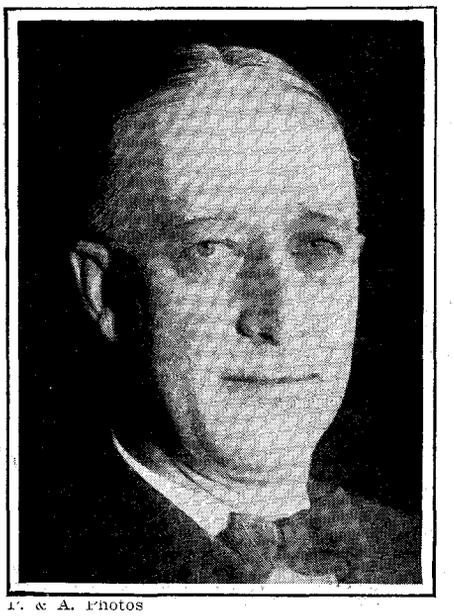
P. & A. Photos

Alvan T. Fuller (Republican), newly elected Governor of Massachusetts



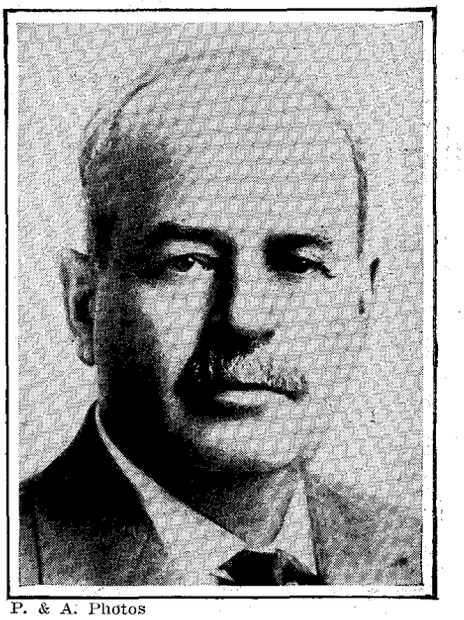
P. & A. Photos

Harry L. Davis (Republican), newly elected Governor of Ohio



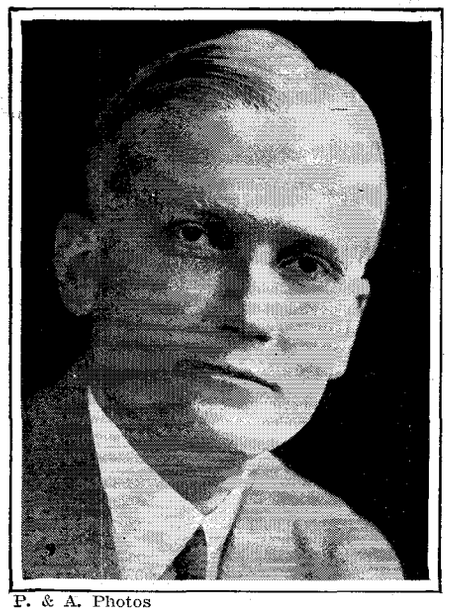
P. & A. Photos

Alfred E. Smith (Democrat), re-elected Governor of New York



P. & A. Photos

Len Small (Republican), re-elected Governor of Illinois

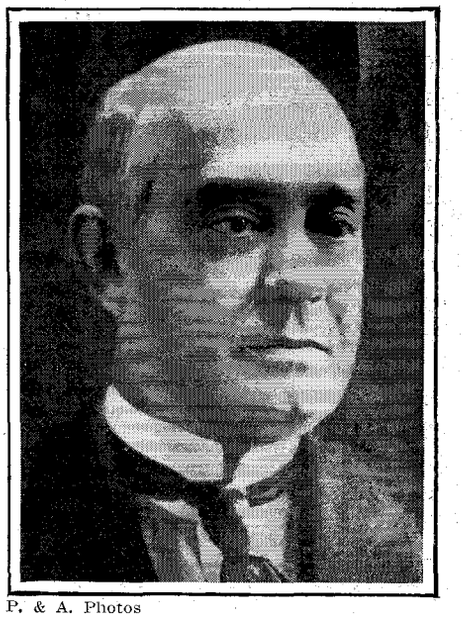


P. & A. Photos

Hiram Bingham (Republican), newly elected Governor of Connecticut

International

Mrs. Florence E. Knapp (Republican), newly elected Secretary of State in New York



P. & A. Photos

Austin Peay, (Democrat), re-elected Governor of Tennessee

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was not so certain. Like Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Ross was the wife of a Governor. She was nominated and elected to fill the unexpired term of her late husband.

Indiana elected a Republican Governor who had the active support of the Klan. The selection of Ed Jackson as Governor can be chalked up as one of the outstanding triumphs of the hooded order. The power of the Klan in Indiana surprised many political observers because of internal dissensions in the Indiana Klan which preceded the election.

Ohio chose for its Governor former Governor Harry L. Davis. Mr. Davis has been closely associated with the old political order in Ohio, which has occasionally manifested itself in ways which have not brought credit upon the Republican Party. He had previously served as Mayor of Cleveland for four years and Governor of Ohio from 1921 to 1923.

Connecticut seems to have done well in the choice of Hiram Bingham. A professor at Yale, an explorer of note, and a member of the Air Service during the war, his election brings into active political leadership a notable example of a scholar and a soldier entering a new sphere of activity. Certainly the Republicans of Connecticut were more fortunate and intelligent than the Republicans of Illinois, who have re-elected to office Governor Len Small. His record is not one which commends him to the confidence of the country.

In Tennessee the Democrats did not have to reverse the Republican majority for the President, as they did in New York, in order to re-elect their Governor, Austin Peay.

New Names in Congress

Some of the more notable additions to the Congress of the United States may be briefly noticed. West Virginia, the home State of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, voted for Coolidge and also for a Republican Senator, Mr. Guy D. Goff.

One face which will be missing from the next Congress is that of Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, who was defeated by Thomas D. Schall, the blind Representative from Minneapolis. By a narrow margin, his Republican associate in Iowa, Smith W. Brookhart, seems to have been returned to office by the smallest margin in years. He will provide small comfort for the Republican Party leaders, who will have to look for their organization strength to such new men as Frederick H. Gillett, promoted from the House of Representatives to the Senate by the voters of Massachusetts, W. H. McMaster of South Dakota, Charles S. Deneen of Illinois, T. Coleman du Pont from Delaware, and Frederic M. Sackett of Kentucky. Pictures of all of these new members of the Senate are shown in the accompanying pages.

Among the two new Democratic Senators is, unfortunately, Cole Blease, of South Carolina. The other new Democrat is Lawrence Davis Tyson, of Tennessee, who has had a distinguished military record in the Spanish War, in the militia, and in the World War. He commanded a brigade at Ypres and at the breaking of the Hindenburg Line at Bellecourt. He received a Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary conduct during the War.

In addition to these two Democratic Senators, the Democratic Party will be represented in the lower house by the first woman Representative from the East. She is Mrs. Mary T. Norton, a social worker of Hoboken, New Jersey.

Riley Remembered

Innumerable hearts have been saddened by the thought that nothing could be done for the relief of the little boy with "curv'ture of the spine" in James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Now, however, there is comfort in the thought that he may not have been a real little boy at all and that, because Riley wrote as he did of this imaginary little boy and of other children, there is hope of relief through all the years to come for little boys and little girls deformed and crippled and sick.

There has just been dedicated, in Indianapolis, the Riley Memorial Hospital, the gift of the people of Indiana to their crippled children in memory of their poet of childhood. The hospital is now in service, but it is to be expanded and more thoroughly equipped until it is the best hospital in the world for the treatment of children. Wisely, its management has been placed in the hands of the University of Indiana rather than in a board of directors. Always the Riley Memorial Hospital will have at its command the best and the latest that science has learned for the relief of juvenile suffering. From decade to decade it may be expected that diseases and deformities hitherto incurable will yield to discoveries made possible by a people's love for a poet who loved children.

The Future of American Parties

One of the results of the election which Senator La Follette and his followers hoped for was the re-formation of American political parties. This they hoped would be brought about by the creation of a party of liberals, so called, composed chiefly of those concerned in promoting the supposed interests of industrial and agricultural workers. The ballots cast have made such a result highly improbable.

From a European point of view American political parties seem greatly in need of reform. There is no such difference between the Republicans and the Democrats as there has been between the Whigs or Liberals and the Tories or Conservatives. European observers of American politics find it hard to understand how one of the great American parties can be distinguished in character or principle from the other. In his great work, "The American Commonwealth," James Bryce, after pointing out the real distinction in policy between the Federalists and the Democratic-Republicans at the beginning of the nineteenth century, fails to find any difference in policy or principle between the parties of to-day. He is explicit to the point of severity as he writes:

> Neither party has any clean-cut principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organizations, interests, enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the Government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished. They have not been thrown away, but have been stripped away by time and the progress of events, fulfilling some policies, blotting out others. All has been lost, except office or the hope of it.

The conclusion which James Bryce would have his readers draw from this statement is clear enough, for he adds:

> When life leaves an organic body it becomes useless, fetid, pestiferous: it is fit to be cast out or buried from sight. What life is to an organism, principles are to a party. When they which are its soul have vanished, its body ought to dissolve, and the elements that formed it be regrouped in some new organism.

At the time of writing this he evidently thought that there were indications of

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approaching reconstruction; but the years have passed, and each attempt which has been made since that time to substitute a new National party for one of the old parties has failed. The most promising attempt of this kind, the one that most nearly approached success, was that of the Progressive movement under Theodore Roosevelt; and that was not so much the creation of a new party as the revolt of the mass of the voters of one of the parties against false leadership. The parties remain as they were.

For the failure of every attempt to force American parties into a division between liberals and conservatives there is good reason. It is simply that in the European sense all Americans are liberals or radicals. The issues that divide people politically in Europe have long ago been settled in this country. They can be raised only by attacks on our fundamental American system of government and Constitutional ideas. There is no question, for example, concerning the relation of the Church and the State. In every European country issues cluster about this one question; in America the question is not even raised. In Europe there are constantly recurring issues involving the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. There are no such issues here. No one denies the freedom of the press or of speech in America. Whatever controversies arise in connection with this subject are based on the assumption that both speech and the press have a right to be free. Such controversies are confined wholly to the application of the right to particular instances. Over the application of any right in any instance there may be differences of opinion, but they are not such as to divide parties along the line of principle, for the principle has been conceded.

The reason for the crushing rebuke administered to Senator La Follette and his followers is not to be found in any fear of true liberalism. On the contrary, it is to be found in a fear that the American people have of any attack upon the Constitution, which is the safeguard of that individual liberty that is the essence of liberalism.

There are, however, other divisions in politics than those between liberals and conservatives. In Europe political divisions have shown themselves marking off the privileged from the unprivileged classes. Those who look upon American life with European eyes commonly fail to see the reason for the failure of American voters to divide along these lines. The reason is simple. It is that there is no separation of the American population into classes in the European sense. No American belongs to an economic class as the European does. Whatever economic groups there are have always been, and are likely to remain, fluid. It is only the individual's personal limitations that prevent him from moving into any class to which he may aspire. No American is sure that his children will remain in the economic class to which he belongs. And an American, as a rule, is not sufficiently identified with any economic class to feel any loyalty to it. There are people in America who think in terms of class, but they are mainly alien in origin and wholly alien in spirit. The chance of creating a political party based on the economic interest of any class or group of classes is thus slightly more remote than the chance of Europeanizing the American social system.

Other obstacles are in the way of an essential change in the American party system. Americans will have to manage as well as they can with parties determined very much as they are. As time goes on certain useless traditions will, we hope, grow weaker and be abandoned; but there is little likelihood that either party will become an essentially conservative or liberal party, or be confined to any one class or group of classes. Here and there wage-earners or farmers or people of other common interests will form factions for particular ends; but such factions will be temporary and will disappear as they serve their purpose.

We shall continue here in America to exercise our choice as voters between two parties. On the one hand, we shall find an organization to which those will drift who are moved by ideals or theories, some sound, some unsound, some practical, some impractical. On the other hand, we shall find an organization to which those will drift who are moved by the desire of achievement, whether idealistic or materialistic. No better distinction has been made between the two parties that govern America than that of William Garrott Brown, who called one the kingdom of the air, and the other the kingdom of the earth. Each has the defects of its qualities, and their virtues as well. Those who can rid themselves of European prepossessions concerning politics will find the American party system as rational as any, and will expect it to endure.

Henry Cabot Lodge

SOME men can engage in the fiercest political controversies without arousing personal animosity. Senator Lodge was not one of them. Throughout his career he was the object of the kind of antagonism that sometimes, in his case not infrequently, amounted to hatred. The reason for this cannot be wholly explained even by those who are sure they understand it themselves. It was to be found in his personality, and personality is almost impossible to convey by any explanation in words. Whatever the reason for it may be, the existence of this personal feeling makes it impossible for any estimate of him at this time to be universally or generally received as fair and impartial. It will be a generation, probably, before his career can be discussed without heat.

His opponents can be counted on to acknowledge that he was an able and at times relentless fighter. What kindled the anger of his opponents was his ability to fight effectively while retaining the appearance of indifference. Like Balfour in his early days, Senator Lodge could enrage his antagonists by making them feel their own impotence to enrage him. His exceptional mental gifts, his unquestioned learning, recognized by his Doctorate of Philosophy from Harvard and his Doctorate of Laws from Williams, Yale, Clark, Harvard, Amherst, Union, Princeton, Dartmouth, and Brown, and his mastery of both written and spoken English, made him respected and sometimes feared, but did not tend to make those who defeated him in a contest more charitable or those whom he defeated more reconciled to his victory. All the bad consequences of the inferiority complex were evoked from those who, not his match in intellect, engaged him in debate.

For over thirty years he represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate. It is said that during that time his name remained unattached to any great constructive measure. That seems to be true. At least we do not recall any great outstanding law bearing the name or recalling the creative service of Henry Cabot Lodge. That, however, is not a complete measure of his public service. His principal work in the Senate was connected with foreign affairs, and it happens that treaties do not bear legislators' names, nor do foreign policies. Much of the work of a Senator who devotes himself to the foreign relations of

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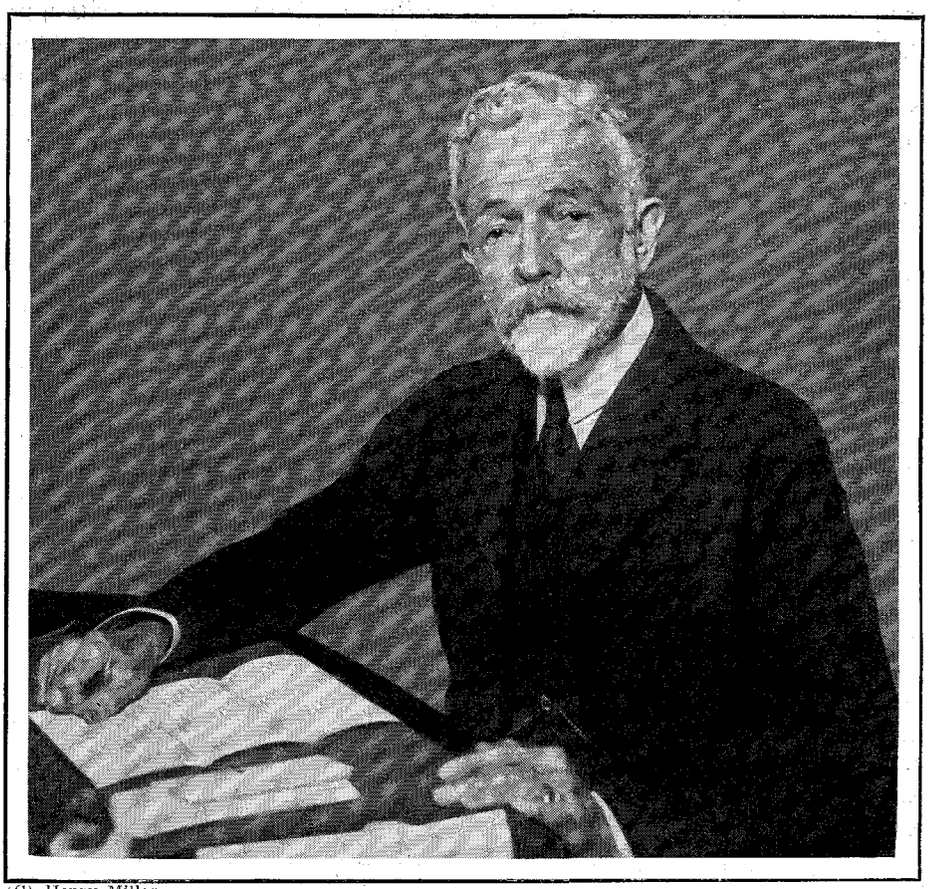
this country is done in executive session or otherwise outside of the public view. It must be remembered that the Senate, though it has nothing to do with the negotiation of treaties, helps to make them. No one denies that Senator Lodge at the time of his death (which occurred at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on November 9, following a stroke) had as great a knowledge of foreign affairs as any living American. He was influential in the framing and disposal of probably every important treaty which this country has made during the last quarter of a century.

His influence from first to last was always on the side of American independence, self-defense, and self-reliance. He was jealous of America's interests and rights. Whenever he was unbending it was because he felt that in that instance yielding would be of substantial injury to his country. He was particularly ready to resist any encroachment upon what he thought American rights by Great Britain. In this he was not without prejudice. In his book "Early Memories" he writes:

> Lord Napier, Minister from England to the United States in 1857, . . . and Lady Napier dined often at our house and drove with my mother. . . . There were also two Napier boys, who made a far stronger impression upon my mind than did their parents. I remember playing and fraternizing with them very cheerfully, although I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father. . . . He had enjoyed his visits to England, where he was very kindly welcomed by his uncle and cousins, and I never heard him speak harshly of any one whom he met. Nevertheless, he resented deeply the attitude and policy of England toward this country, as well as the contemptuous abuse heaped upon us by her writers, and this resentment became more intense when England's feeling toward us was revealed by her conduct at the beginning of the Civil War. But although my opinions were strong and sound as to Great Britain, I played cheerfully and contentedly with the sons of the Minister and found them excellent companions.

When, therefore, any disputes arose with Great Britain, Senator Lodge was not disposed to err on the side of magnanimity. The question over the Canal tolls was a case in point. He advocated free tolls for American coastwise vessels against the British protest; but supported President Wilson in urging the repeal of free tolls when he became convinced that free tolls lowered America's prestige.



(C) Henry Miller

The late Henry Cabot Lodge, for thirty-one years Senator from Massachusetts

Senator Lodge's natural suspicion of England's diplomacy did not prevent him from resenting an appeal to anti-English prejudice if he thought it contravened the dictates of humanity. One of the most cogent speeches ever delivered in the Senate was Senator Lodge's reply to such an appeal on December 10, 1915, by Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Senator Smith had uttered a long and elaborate protest against the British blockade of Germany. Senator Smith ignored Germany's submarine campaign and the massacre of the Lusitania. Senator Lodge's reply was spontaneous and brief, the more cogent for its restraint. It would be well if schoolboys learned it by heart. In the course of this reply of less than a thousand words he said:

> I think it is of great importance that we should vindicate our rights as a neutral in trade if those rights have been violated, but I think it is far more important that we should extend protection and assure security to American citizens wherever they rightfully are, for I do not believe that any government can long retain the respect of its own people if it does not give them the protection to which they are entitled.
>
> I think Americans should be protected in their lives and in their liberty everywhere. I do not think they ought to be murdered in detail and obscurely in Mexico or openly and wholesale on the high seas.
>
> Although I am as anxious as any one can be to care for our rights in trade if they are violated, to me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead on the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton.

Greatest among Senator Lodge's achievements undoubtedly was the determination of America's foreign policy after the war. He was leader of the assertion of the Senate's right to participate in the framing of the Peace Treaty. To attribute his course to mere partisanship is to ignore his whole career in foreign affairs. To hold him responsible for the defeat of the Versailles Treaty in the Senate is to ignore the fact that the very reservations which would have modified the Covenant of the League of Nations and would undoubtedly be accepted today by all the Powers, but were rejected by President Wilson, bore Senator Lodge's name as their chief author. What Senator Lodge can be held responsible for is the leadership of those who refused to be committed to an unmodified League of Nations, and have since

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been vindicated by public opinion. Another leader in his place might have secured the same result with less bitterness, but not with more effectiveness or certainty. To have done that when the country was still under the captivity of President Wilson's phrases was the work of a leader. It secures Senator Lodge's place in history.

To Senator Lodge has been attributed an effort to prevent the United States from joining the World Court. Certainly he was opposed to American membership in that Court without modification. The changes he proposed in the protocol of adherence for America to sign were certainly not beyond the pale of discussion. Those who think that the United States should join the World Court as it is or not at all should be able to understand those who think that non-membership is better than membership without conditions, but that conditional membership is better than no membership at all. This we think was clearly Senator Lodge's position.

The closing years of his life were not unmixed with the tragic element. He had chosen in early life not to be an amateur in politics; but he seemed to think too often that the alternative to political amateurism was political opportunism. Twice in his career at least he chose regularity at the sacrifice of principles he had stood for. The first occasion occurred at the outset of his career in the Blaine campaign; the second, near the close in the Roosevelt campaign. And yet at the very end of his career he sacrificed political regularity for what seems inexplicable except on the ground of personal political advantage. On the bonus question he withstood the President, who was also the leader of his own party. As a consequence, though long a prominent figure in his party's councils, he was discarded as a party leader. To those who remember his vigorous and convincing exposition of Colombia's demand for reparation for the Panama Canal as blackmail, his voting for such reparation later is inexplicable except as the abandonment of principle. It seems even more than that; for it was acquiescence in the attempt of others to cast reproach upon a friend who had done what he himself had approved. No explanation is ever likely to be forthcoming that will relieve the name of Henry Cabot Lodge from the burden of that act.

High as Henry Cabot Lodge stands as a public man, he stands quite as high, perhaps higher, as a writer, and especially as historian and biographer. Though not distinguished for geniality of manner, he has written what is perhaps the most genial and human of the lives of Washington. His books are likely to remain permanent additions to a branch of American literature.

The New Renaissance

IS America at the dawn of a religious awakening?

Certainly not since the sixteenth century has there been any period like that which we are now entering. People have been beset with doubts and fears. Looking out over the newly discovered regions of knowledge, beyond which still lie the infinite reaches of the unknown, the minds of men are baffled. And as they were encountering these new proofs of human littleness there suddenly came war, bloodshed, and an overturn of empires. A new world has been ushered in with mystery and tragedy. Of course men doubt and fear.

And with this new world has come a new generation. Those who were but children before the war have now grown into young manhood and womanhood. This new world is the only world they have really known.

Do these young people share the forebodings that seem common among their elders? How do they view this overturned and still mysterious world? What are these younger people thinking about? Above all, what do they believe? What is their faith?

The Outlook has made a preliminary inquiry into what we may well call the New Renaissance. At our request a young man, Kenneth I. Brown, a graduate of the University of Rochester, and until last June a graduate student and instructor at Harvard, has visited various parts of the Middle West, South, and East, and has written the results of his observations and experiences in articles under such titles as "Youth's Demand for a Practical Religion," "Evidences of a Religious Renaissance," and "Responsible Christianity." The first of these articles appears in this issue. He reports and interprets what he has learned of the religious faith of his generation. These articles will, I believe, suggest many topics for sermons and will furnish a basis for discussions throughout the country in church clubs and community groups. They raise, and partly answer, such questions as:

Is religious faith growing weaker or stronger?

What effect has science had on religious belief?

What are educated young people thinking about?

The Church depends on the young people of to-day. If they are with it, it will grow; if not, it will stagnate. The Church must know the mind of these young people. To their mind this series of articles provides an introduction.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

"What Price Glory?"

THE play "What Price Glory?" by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, now running in New York, has been criticised from many angles. Gleefully hailed at first by unwise friends as "anti-war propaganda," it was also denounced by some hasty persons as a mere essay in profanity. For a time it was said to be under solemn inspection and review by officers of the Army and of the Marine Corps to see if it might be a dangerous spectacle, calculated to "discourage recruiting." A few of the oaths and ribaldries have now been pruned away (without any noticeable loss in vigor—there are still enough of them left), and the play is proceeding on what will probably be, and what should be, a long and successful run.

From the start some discerning critics discussed this play as a play, with regard to its dramatic interest, its success as a work of art, its story, and its characterizations. And they agreed, as intelligent theater-goers must, that it is one of the very best plays the New York stage has seen, not only this season, but in many seasons. Like "Rain," another success, it presents an intensely absorbing struggle between its two main characters; its action seems genuine, not artificial, and the stage is occupied by real men, not puppets. Even more than in "Rain," its characters are rough and rude persons, whose speech is a long way from polite, whose love affairs are pretty frankly carnal. No play for the squeamish, nor for the maiden of bashful fifteen, who still exists, despite cynical doubts. The fact that so frank a drama, one in which the spirit of the late Mr. Bowdler is so flouted, can be given on the American stage makes ridiculous a great many of the lamentations about "censorship" and "prudery" which are forever being uttered by the professional Anti-Puritans.

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Scene from "What Price Glory," presented at the Plymouth Theater, New York City—The Captain (Louis Wolheim) pushes aside Charmaine (Leyla Georgie) as she tries to prevent a fight about her with the top sergeant (William Boyd)

"What Price Glory?" would not have been tolerated ten years ago, perhaps not five years ago. And this is not to say that there were not being acted at that time plays whose leering suggestiveness deserved condemnation, but whose dramatic merit did not give them any right even to be compared with this one.

The play is concerned with a small incident in a great war, and centers around the contest between a captain of United States Marines (superbly played by Louis Wolheim) and his first sergeant (equally well played by William Boyd) for the possession of the innkeeper's daughter in a French village. At times the spectator almost gets the impression that the war has been stopped to settle the question who shall have exclusive right to the affections of Charmaine de la Cognac. But to concentrate the interest upon something of the kind is the universal custom and necessity of literature and the drama, and it has its sanction in the greatest of all epic poems and in the latest historical moving picture. One may question whether the Captain and his subordinate would carry on both their quarrel and their love-making in quite such a public manner as these players are made to do, but some things have to be conceded to the necessities of the theater—just as in battle scenes one or two wounded men must always be able to stagger on the stage and die there. The sarcastic replies of Captain Flagg to his Brigadier-General have been criticised, but this is, we think, a true note in a most amusing scene. The Captain is an old and trusted officer, and known to command a fighting outfit, although he is severely "bawled out" for commanding such a disreputable one. He complies with all regulations as to military courtesy when the General enters; after that he treats his commander to some sharp answers. The General wisely disregards them.

The incidents of the play are so entertaining and the dialogue so salty and so funny that the play is for more than half the time highly amusing. It is far from blood and thunder or from unrelieved gloom. Typical characters come naturally into the action: the gosling private who loses his identification tag and rouses the Captain to heights of irony, and the lieutenant whose nerves are shattered under the long strain of trench fighting, hysterically cursing all the folk at home who are talking about "making the world safe for democracy," all the generals behind the lines in safe billets, and "everybody who isn't here." The lieutenant pities the wretched German sniper, hanging wounded day and night in a tree, whence he has been trying to shoot the American foes, and crying "Kamerad!" like "some damned big whippoorwill." Finally he collapses in hysterics, and is soothed by his Captain, whose usual rough manner becomes tender when any man is in real trouble. Captain Flagg tells another lieutenant, lying badly wounded near by, and undergoing the long and dreadful wait until he can be sent back to safety and a clean bed, that his troubles are nothing compared with those of the officer whose nerves have failed him.

The phrase "make the world safe for democracy" seems especially to madden them, and the Captain is moved to anger over the plan to conduct the war by

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speech-making and publicity methods. He almost flatly refuses to carry out the General's orders to break through the German lines and put up posters bearing the utterances of some distinguished American statesman, in order "to wear down the German morale." He has a materialistic idea of warfare, and the newer "idealism" does not appeal to him as practical or worth losing the lives of his men to experiment with. In a painfully old-fashioned way he seems to believe that speech-making and note-writing had been tried and had had its chance, and if he and his men were to be called upon to die in order to convince the very hard-headed realists in the German Army before him, they would prefer to die as soldiers and not as bill-stickers.

This is not a "pacifist" play, as a few persons hastened to say that it is. The hellishness of war and the nastiness of it are depicted with sufficient realism to satisfy Mr. Bryan or Miss Addams. But its authors never make the mistake which permeates Mr. John Dos Passos's novel "Three Soldiers." Whatever may have been the intention of the author of that book, it was instantly greeted with glad cries by pacifists, on the ground that war is such a wicked thing that, provided a writer gives it a big black eye, it does not matter whether he tells the truth or not. Mr. Dos Passos did not say that his soldiers represented all soldiers, but he did fill a long novel with soldiers every one of whom is contemptible—either a whining coward, a murderer, an inhuman brute, or a slacker and deserter. His story was an unrelieved description of what the British soldier calls "grousing" and the American calls "belly-aching," and the reader was left with the impression that he was expected to sympathize with men who whined in war time and would have whined in peace. The "yellow dog" is the exception, and not the rule, in "What Price Glory?" as he is in armies generally. In "Three Soldiers" there were nothing but "yellow dogs."

The final moment of "What Price Glory?" showed the soldier as he is, and as he always has been and will be until the human race perishes. This was the soldier of Napoleon's Egyptian campaigns who "grumbled but followed;" and of Doyle's poem:

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore:
A drunken private of the Buffs
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Captain Flagg's company had accomplished the mission on which they had been sent, and had come back from the front line, shot to pieces, dirty, tired, and miserable. They had been promised a rest, and the Captain an eight days' leave. Suddenly, within a few hours of arrival, the orders were revoked, the promise of headquarters was broken, and the company is ordered back into the trenches. The Captain, half drunk, and cuddling his girl upon his knee, refuses. He will not go. He has his leave, signed and delivered. He is dog-tired—a weariness which Mr. Wolheim makes his audience feel in their bones. Then he reflects for a few moments.

"There's something the matter with this profession of ours. There's some damned religion or something got into it. We *have* to go when they tell us to."

And he goes. And his mutinous sergeant, in his ridiculous hospital clothes and a borrowed smock, who has been fighting with the Captain only a few moments before, sees his outfit moving off, and calls to his chief:

"Oh-ho, Cap'n! Wait for Baby!"

It is the element which the extreme pacifist always ignores: the nobility of the soul of man rising superior to the filth and ghastliness of war.

Britain vs. Bolshevia

The British Labor Party's Record

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

UNDER the responsibility of carrying out a Government, the Laborites proved that they could do far better, both legislatively and administratively, than it was supposed they would. Among their leaders are men, like Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Snowden, of real ability and acumen, while the Prime Minister himself, who assumed the duties of Foreign Minister as well, became a prominent figure in European as well as in English politics.

In spite of these advantages, the Laborites were smashingly defeated on a question of their title to public confidence.

When the Labor Party took office, every one anticipated that, given its clever leadership, something definite might be done with regard to economic and social problems.

Unemployment

BRITISHERS accepted the Labor leaders' good intentions and promises and waited months, only to hear the Minister of Labor ask: "Does any one think that we can produce schemes, like rabbits out of our hats?" Meanwhile, whereas unemployment was decreasing when the Labor Party became the Government, it has now been increasing.

Furthermore, the mere presence of the Socialist Government in office incited unrest and strikes. More working days were lost by the trade disputes and strikes in the nine months of 1924 than by those for the whole of last year.

But this is not the worst. If a man cannot find work, muddle-headed idealists would provide him with full pay at trade union rates! Moreover, not a few beneficiaries are coming to regard the dole as their inalienable right, which they should enjoy for the rest of their days without working. "Punch" thus puts it:

Mistress. I'm sorry to hear that your Albert has thrown up his engineering work and is drawing the dole.

Charlady. Well, you see, mum, it's such a certainty, ain't it? A man may get shoved out of a job, but 'e can *depend* on the dole!

Housing

IT was natural to suppose that the trade unions under a Labor Government would facilitate house building. But the long discussion in Parliament delayed the Housing Bill's final passage until August, with the result that no houses have been yet constructed, though the bill promises an enormous number. Meanwhile the cost of those to be built

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has already been augmented by some $200 for very small and about $400 for "parlor" houses.

Food

As to the Socialist "cheap food" cry a year ago, the Labor Party, if it cannot point to any legislative accomplishment, at all events did point with pride to its recent Budget, lowering taxation on coffee, cocoa, chicory, and tea. But this is not the first occasion that a Budget surplus has been utilized to reduce food taxes. Sir Robert Horne as Chancellor furnished the example. Further, Mr. Snowden, the present Chancellor, did not pile up the surplus used to carry out his programme; the Conservatives had amassed it and left it a legacy to their successors. But the main argument against the Socialists, Budget or no Budget, was the gradual rise in food prices. A loaf of bread cost 8d. a year ago; now it costs 10d.

Old Age Pensions

The hoped-for Budget action by the Chancellor, reducing the pensions age limit to sixty-five years and increasing the sum to fifteen shillings, was, of course, not justified by the event. Parliament could do nothing and Mr. Snowden had not the money. But it was certainly expected in the next Labor Budget; hence the poster which prophesied:

BOTH WAYS!
The Hope which Labor holds out to Old-Age Pensioners
FIVE YEARS OFF
FIVE BOB ON

Education

In education the Government record has not been brilliant legislatively, although good administratively. Mr. Trevelyan, Minister of Education, informs me that school fees have been abolished in many areas and open-air schools given a real chance; in secondary schools the percentage of free places has been increased to forty per cent and a grant has been made which has effectively stimulated the provision of additional places. The possible expenditure on maintenance allowances has also been increased; in public elementary schools by twenty per cent to fifty per cent, and in secondary schools by fifty per cent.

Administrative Issues.

The Labor Government did not fall primarily because of legislation or the lack of it, though disappointment as to mending or ending the unemployment situation contributed largely; it fell on the administrative rather than on the legislative side.

First there was the Campbell affair, showing more than mere administrative ineptitude; there was positive interference by politics with the ordinary and normal course of justice in the prosecution for a clear case of sedition.

The British-Bolshevist Treaty

The second reason for the Premier's request was his desire to avoid being reversed by Parliament, as he knew he would be, on the issue of the British-Bolshevist Treaty.

It is incredible that he should not have been fully aware of the Bolshevist Government's character when he began relations with it. I know he was. He carried out his pledge to recognize that Government. He then declared that a treaty was "essential to the Labor policy." Thereupon Communist pressure further compelled him to support the Bolsheviki by pledging them a British Guaranty Loan. This, fortunately, had to be submitted to Parliament for ratification. Mr. MacDonald claimed that "British trade with Russia is a matter of supreme importance." ("Supreme" is going it strong when one remembers the tiny percentage of British-Russian trade as compared with all the British foreign commerce.) So, under this specious guise of fostering trade, the Premier had agreed to loan British taxpayers' money, although he must have known that it would return here in the form of subversive propaganda.

Bolshevist Propaganda

The Bolshevist Government's constant aim was revealed in the letter, published just before the close of the campaign, purporting to come from Zinoviev, head of the Third International, instructing British Communists to strive for the violent overthrow of existing institutions, and, as a means to that end, to subvert British soldiers and sailors. To its credit be it said that the British Foreign Office published a protest, approved by the Prime Minister, concerning this matter, signed in his absence and doubtless written by Mr. J. D. Gregory, head of the Northern Department of the Foreign Office. Then, having blown hot, the Premier proceeded to blow cold. He left the country quite in the dark as to whether his Government would continue to press for a treaty with a junta whose professed aim was the British Empire's destruction.

Other Foreign Relations

In other foreign relations the Prime Minister did much better, though the situation in Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Central Asia, and India is not what it was a year ago. As to the Dominions, the Premier had smacked them in the face by refusing even the paltry preference promised by the Conservative Government, while, in addition, he had special quarrels with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. As to the Irish situation, Mr. Thomas, a past-master in the art of arbitration, showed himself a clever negotiator.

It is, however, in his French relations that Mr. MacDonald, as Foreign Minister, has justly shone. The advent to power last May of a Socialist Premier in France gave welcome opportunity to the English Socialist Premier to co-operate in establishing justice and peace. This was sedulously fostered by Mr. MacDonald, particularly at the Conference at London over the Dawes Plan. But the British Prime Minister also described a prior connection:

> Great Britain does not require to abandon one jot or tittle of its interest in order to get into friendly relationship with France. . . . Before I was many weeks in office relations between our two countries were enormously improved, and M. Poincaré, who was supposed to be such an enemy of England, turned out to be nothing of the kind.

Also to his credit be it said that, directly he got into office, Mr. MacDonald abandoned his party's denunciatory and uncompromising attitude towards the Versailles Treaty. Even the new Geneva protocol, looking towards armament reduction, for which he worked, clinches the provisions of that Treaty.

Evidently with the protocol in mind, the Premier made this statement concerning the League of Nations: "We found the League practically dying, and to-day it is stronger than ever." But this strength is due far more to France than to England. With regard to the "dying," I have attended three of the annual meetings of the League Assembly and Council, and have to report that each year these bodies seemed only increasingly vigorous.

However praiseworthy individual instances, the sum total of the Premier's record as Prime Minister is disappointing. Yet during the campaign just closed he had the hardihood to assert that "in its brief eight months of office the Labor Party did more for peace than other parties have done in eighty years"!

Mr. MacDonad's appeal to the country gave it a welcome chance to pronounce on the Labor-Socialist record taken as a whole. The electors turned from it to the one party which at present, especially with its absolute majority over all, offers the guaranty of a sound and stable Government.

London, October 31, 1924.

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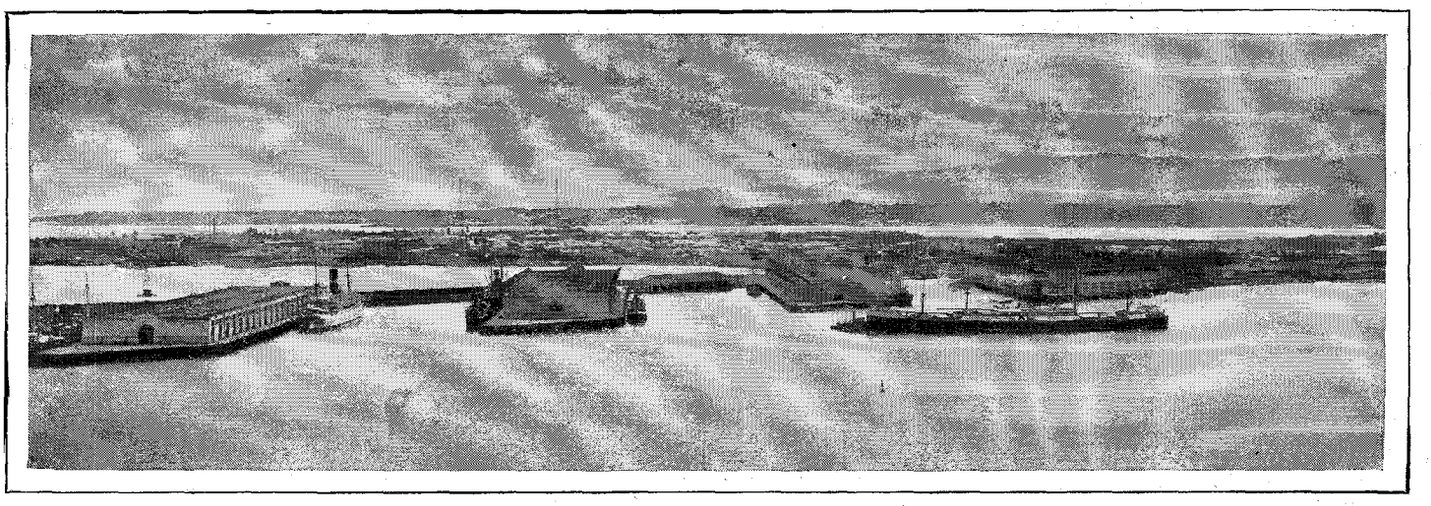

Cristobal Harbor approach channel, looking northeast from gas buoy No. 3, showing location of docks. City of Colon, Manzanillo Bay, and Folks River in the background

The Needs of the Canal

By General Jay J. Morrow

The retiring Governor of the Canal Zone sends a message to the American people through the columns of The Outlook

My voluntary retirement from the office of Governor of the Panama Canal and President of the Panama Railroad Company is not untinged with regret. It is a great thing for any engineer to have had such people under him as are operating these two important agencies of the United States, and it is a wrench to have to separate one's self from so many friends. But the work was moving along smoothly, the time seemed most appropriate to assure the appointment of the right successor, and, as I have for over a year been anxious to terminate a service to the Government of over thirty years, I persuaded Secretary Weeks to let me off a half-year ahead of time, and to recommend to President Coolidge the appointment as my successor of Colonel Meriwether L. Walker, who has been the Governor's able right-hand assistant now for well over three years. Colonel Walker is eminently qualified to handle the many problems which he and I have handled together.

Uncle Sam's Big Business

The Panama Canal is not merely a waterway for the passage of vessels, but is also a tremendous business concern involving, besides the Canal proper, a railroad, repair shops, dry docks, piers, coal, oil, and general supply to shipping, and numerous other operations, with the addition of the civil government of the Canal Zone. To the uninformed the civil government might seem one of the principal functions of the Governor, but, as a matter of fact, it is a small factor as compared with the other problems. The energies of the Governor and his assistants are directed in the main toward the administration of the business and engineering operations, which are not only large in volume but exceedingly diverse in character. And we have been successful to date in having at the Canal a more businesslike handling of big affairs than can be claimed for any other Governmental operation of the United States. There are no less than 27 separate and distinct large engineering or business operations which are before the Governor, and this list includes only the more important projects.

Colonel Walker is the fourth engineer, trained in business experience and in maritime engineering construction by long service in the Corps of Engineers of our Army, to be appointed Governor of the Panama Canal. In every case (excepting that of the first Governor, General Goethals) the appointee has served as engineer of maintenance. This insures a freedom from improper political influence, has certainly been successful to date, and our people should look to it that it may be assured for the future.

Next in importance to this vital matter come two matters I can here refer to only briefly.

(*a*) The Canal must be permitted to retain the privileges now authorized by law to operate without the limitations of fiscal year appropriations. As soon as this is denied us, if the Appropriations Committees of Congress should insist on it, the Governor's authority to set up and retain the usual reserves which all big businesses retain for replacement or repairs to plant will be gone. When it becomes necessary, for instance, to buy a new dredge to take the place of one becoming obsolete, the Governor will have to wait for two years at least (and probably for five or six years) before he can get it. Such legislation as that referred to would be unwise on the part of Congress and we should be on our guard as against its intrusion.

(*b*) Since the Canal was organized by the Act of 1912 it has been legally empowered to operate all governmental activities. Such things as postal service, quarantine service, customs, immigration, steamship inspection service, prohibition enforcement, etc., are all under the Governor. Many efforts have been made to transfer some of these activities to the corresponding department or bureau in continental United States. These efforts have been successfully resisted so far, and we have demonstrated not only the efficiency but the economy of our plan. Let us keep this going as it is.

These three things—the professional experience of the Governor, the fiscal policy, and the concentration of responsibility—are the fundamentals required for effective and successful operation. Let us now look at some important details which to some may seem to be fundamental. But if you will bear in mind that I am here condensing into the briefest space only a few of many problems which are the subject of detailed

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study by the Canal organization, you may possibly arrive at the conclusion that your interests are in competent hands.

Big Enough for Now

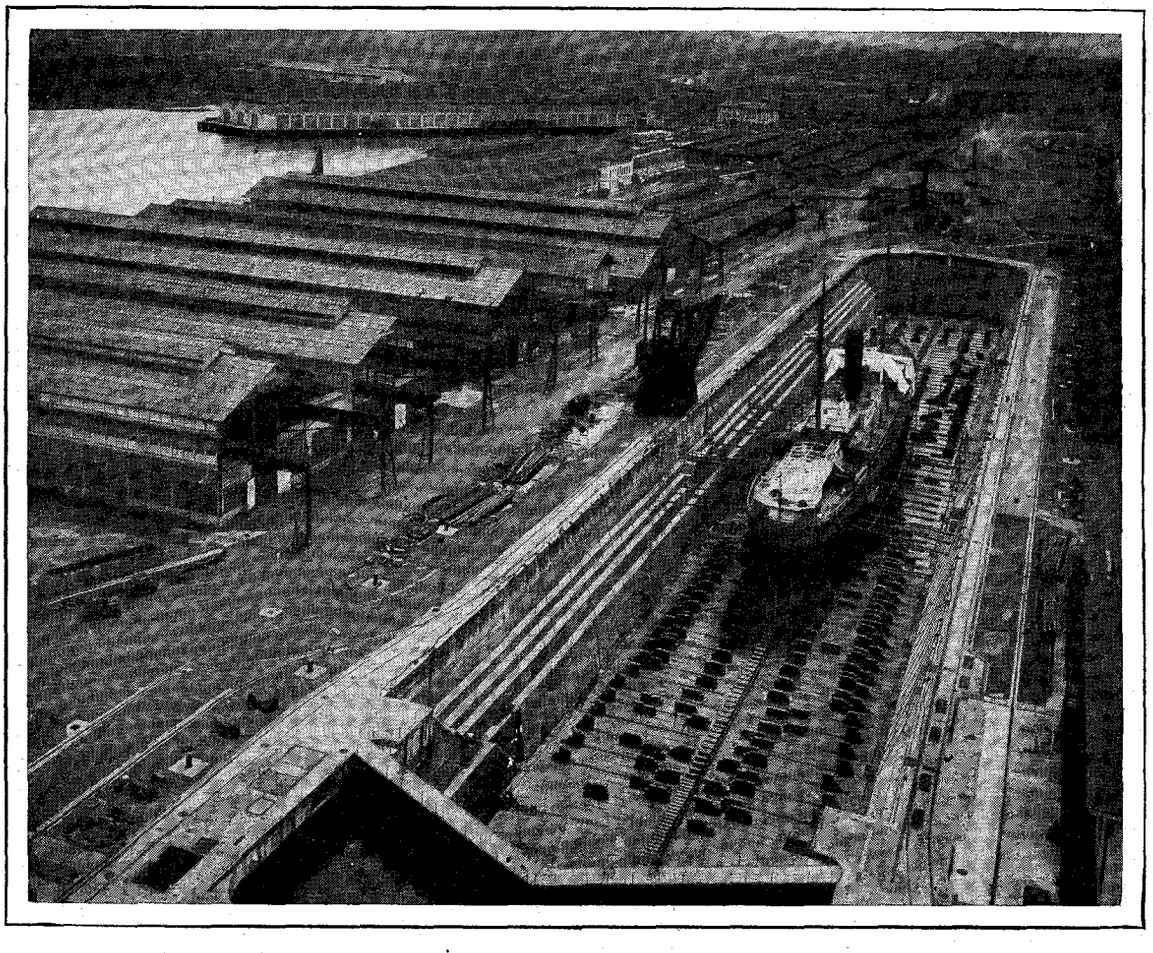
OUR people may have almost any kind of an idea as to whether the Canal is adequate for prospective traffic. Much has been printed, and a very great deal of it has been inaccurate. The Canal in the past two years has more than doubled its traffic. There have been predictions that we are totally lost and must have another Canal. Some twenty-four months ago there began a big oil transfer from California to our eastern coast. At the same time there was a steady growth of permanent traffic. Our tolls collections (a fair index of traffic) rose from $1,020,064.55 for September, 1922, to a maximum of $2,335,729.81 in December, 1923. The oil traffic had begun to recede prior to this peak. Our tolls for July, August, and September of this year average $1,846,077.23. They will probably go lower. I do not think they will drop below an average of $1,500,000 monthly. They will later come up slowly, but I do not expect them to average the $2,000,000 which they averaged last year for at least three years more, and maybe a little longer. Two millions a month average, which we may again attain in the fiscal year 1928, means an average of about fourteen ships a day. Our present Canal, with increased water supply, can put about sixty ships per day through, excepting for such times as a flight of locks is under overhaul. We expect to have these overhaul periods only on alternate years, and then only for a period of about three weeks' closure of one flight at one end only, followed by a short open period, and then by a two weeks' closure of the other flight. During this period of about five or six weeks out of two months in the middle of alternate years one or two ships will occasionally be delayed after our traffic reaches an average of nineteen lockages (from 26 to 28 ships) per day. When this time arrives, we will need a third flight of locks at Gatun, and shortly thereafter a third flight at the Pacific end, unless we are willing to detain some few ships a day or so apiece during a period of about two months every two years. I am sure we need not worry about this until a few years from now, when the Governor will ask for funds to start this construction, so as to have the Canal ready to handle the traffic about fifteen years from now. As he has to look forward at least six years, he should get the funds when he asks for them.

More Water Wanted

I HAVE included in the estimate for the fiscal year 1926 the first step in project for additional water supply for the Canal. Colonel Walker ought to get it. It would start the construction of a reservoir at a cost of about $10,000,000 in the Chagres River by a dam at Alhajuela. Besides giving the storage that will keep the lake up in dry seasons it will make navigation easier during rainy-season floods. The reservoir should be ready by 1932, and it will not be done by that time if we are denied our start requested this year.

They Held the Hood

THE size of the present locks is adequate for all traffic that can be anticipated. There is now no ship in the world that the Canal cannot handle (for either transit or repair), and there will be no ship in regular service through the Canal that the present locks will not handle during their century or so of life. Our locks or dry dock would handle either the Leviathan or Majestic without the least excitement, and on July 23-24 of this year the British cruiser Hood (the largest and heaviest of the world's warships) went through without touching a wall except when mooring for supplies. There may be naval ships too large in the future, or possibly commercial ships built for special service, but they will not be using the Canal in their service. They can afford to go around the Horn to get to their station, unless they are launched after, let us say, 1940, when our new locks may be ready to accommodate them.



Pacific Terminals, dry dock and shop buildings, Balboa, Canal Zone

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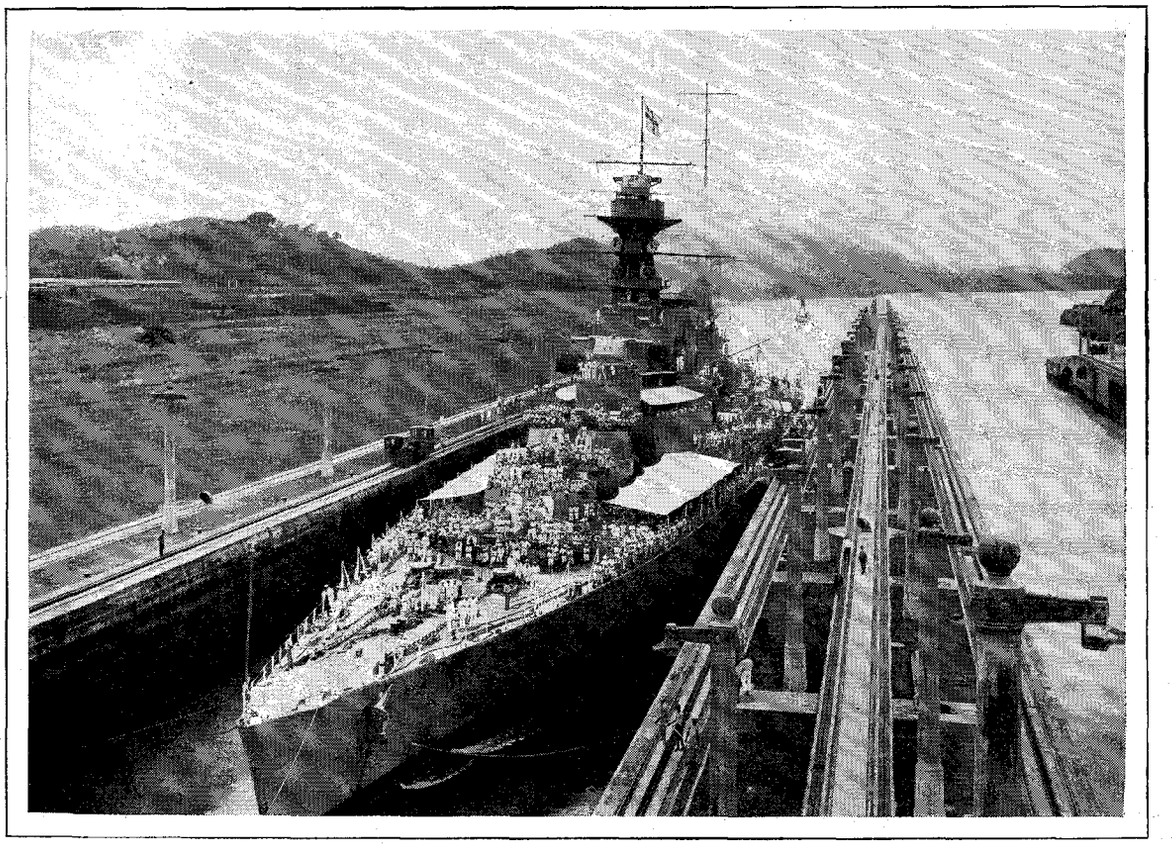

H.M.S. Hood in lower east chamber, Miraflores Locks, Panama Canal, July 23, 1924

The Futile Straits Idea

THE old question of a sea-level Canal has been recently revived by Colonel Bunau-Varilla (a most distinguished French engineer officer and a former chief engineer of the Canal in French construction days). I regret exceedingly that I cannot agree with the Colonel, but we have a better Canal now than a sea-level Canal could be made to be at Panama, one that can transit ships more safely and more expeditiously than even his proposed "Straits of Panama." And we can get the increased capacity when required at about one-tenth the expense of his project, even if we could agree with him that we could go to sea-level through those hills. If any proof were needed as to the wisdom of the decision against a sea-level Canal, made in June, 1906, we had it in the floods of October and November, 1923, which would have closed navigation through a sea-level Canal for from three months to a year (if one had been completed by then, which certainly would not have been the case), whereas our lock Canal handled it without anything more than the occasional extra punch which the Canal force is accustomed to put into an emergency job.

Increased protection of the Canal has been advanced as an argument by Colonel Bunau-Varilla in favor of the sea-level project. As he presents it (confidentially, as befits as distinguished an officer as he is, of France) it would appeal to some as presenting advantages over the lock Canal as well as against the alternative of a construction of a second Canal. I cannot place on record the digest of our studies, but I can state that the Canal Administration is in close contact with War and Navy operation committees, and that projects to assure Canal operations during war or periods preceding possible war receive intensive study by the Governor and his staff, and the closest co-operation exists in these studies. The time may come when Congress will decline to adopt the ordinary sensible precautions to secure a vital route in case of trouble. But I am as sure as mortal man may be that the correct solution is to be found neither in a duplication of routes nor in a change from lock type to sea-level type, but rather in a sane and sensible project for holding what we have, and properly providing for its protection.

Keep the Line Open

THE Governor of the Canal is President of the Panama Railroad Company, which, besides operating the railroad across the Isthmus (since 1855), has operated a steamship supply line for more than thirty years. This steamship line is mainly an adjunct to the Canal. Under the control of the Governor it is an agency to assist in operation that is indispensable for maintaining efficiency in operation of the Canal, with a dependent population of 40,000 or more, about 2,000 miles from our market for both labor and supplies. I believe it should be accepted as a cardinal principle of our operation of the Canal that we must maintain under our own control a direct line of supply from Cristobal to New York (for freight and passengers) and from Norfolk (for coal).

Revise the Toll System

FOR nearly ten years the Canal Administration has urged action by Congress to place its tolls charges on a correct basis, remedying the present double system of admeasurement. I cannot here elaborate on all the technical details of this question into which two or three small political problems have forced their way sufficiently to block it. Our proposal (which is in detail set forth in several public documents) should be enacted by Congress. It would result in no diminution in revenues, would operate to equalize the burden in accordance with cargo-carrying capacity of ships and to the benefit of American shipping on the whole, and would relieve the Canal Administration from considerable embarrassment as being the recipient of criticism for a faulty system for which the Canal is not responsible.

It's Your Canal

OF the many questions that confront the Canal Administration I have here only briefly discussed those few about which our people seem to have been lately not so well advised as they should be, and at the risk of repetition I am presenting them in order that a great people may get the information which will enable them to protect a great work in which most of them take pride.

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Hunters and Explorers

(C) F. E. Kleinschmidt

Pictures taken during a hunting expedition to the North Siberian regions by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kleinschmidt of New York—The party in canoes, accompanied by Eskimo guides, one of whom is preparing to fire

(C) F. E. Kleinschmidt

The Kleinschmidt hunting party capturing a polar bear after it had been wounded by the Eskimos

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of the Northern Wilds

International

New photographs of the MacMillan Expedition to the Polar regions—Captain MacMillan finding Admiral Peary's cairn and record left years ago at Cape Thomas Hubbard, in Heiberg Land, west of Ellesmere Land, in the American Arctic regions

International

A member of the MacMillan Expedition using a white screen to stalk a seal

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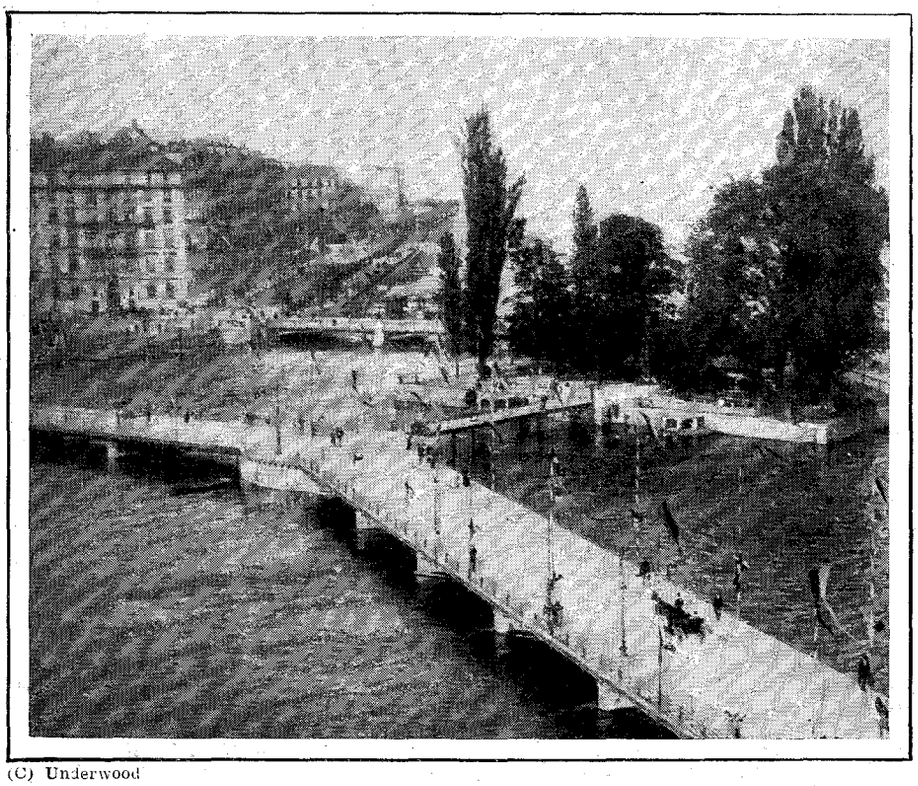
The League's Big Little Jobs

By DAME EDITH LYTTELTON

White slavery, the drug traffic, the care of starving refugees—these are things which vitally concern the League



(C) Underwood

The beautiful city of Geneva, the home of the League of Nations—Bridge across the Rhone, the outlet of the Lake of Geneva, with Rousseau's Isle at the right

PEOPLE in general hardly realize the humanitarian activities of the League of Nations. They do not know that side by side with the great international questions of boundaries, disarmaments, racial freedom, and financial stability are hundreds of smaller matters which day by day are being brought under international supervision. We can no longer live in isolated communities, secure within our own boundaries to frame and obey what laws we like, for nowadays they can be defied and evaded in numberless ways from outside our frontiers. The United States discovered this when the rum-runners approached their seaboard. When it comes to fighting against drink or dope, slavery or prostitution, or to helping after disasters such as earthquakes or floods or famines, nothing effective can be done unless all the civilized nations in the world co-operate.

Combined agreements between nations are, of course, no new thing; what is new is the attempt to get fifty-two nations, and often more, to combine against certain evils which cannot be combated except by world co-operation. Some of these are being tackled by the League to-day.

The effort to control the traffic in women and children, for instance, has been placed in the hands of the League. A convention was drawn up in 1921 which the Governments of the States Members of the League were asked to sign, and which made certain regulations and inspections, especially at ports and frontiers, obligatory.

A great many nations have signed and ratified this agreement, but there are many for various reasons still outside—the most important being France, Spain, and the United States. As all three countries send representatives to serve on the Advisory Committee set up by the League, there are probably technical difficulties only in the way, but it is greatly to be desired that ratification of adherence to the convention may become universal. There remains much yet to be done before the traffic can be entirely stopped. America, although not a member, has played a big part in the League's struggle, through her former representative Miss Grace Abbott, and her present representative, Dr. Snow. Recently through the Bureau of Social Hygiene America has helped largely to finance a commission of experts which is to inquire into the extent of the traffic. The chairman is Dr. Snow. Mr. Flexner—again an American—has perhaps done more than any other one individual to throw light on dark places by his monumental work "Prostitution in Europe," and he will no doubt give all the help and counsel which his great knowledge would make so valuable. The inquiry will involve visits to a great many countries, and the examination of local laws and regulations and their effect upon the traffic is such a Gargantuan task that we cannot expect a report for a long time. When it is sent up to Geneva, the hour will have struck for a great combined effort which would never have been possible without the steady drive of the League of Nations. The idea that women and children should be sold by one country to another for immoral purposes shocks any one when baldly stated. It is a terrible fact that a whole class of people exist whose object is first to stimulate the passions of men, and, second, to supply the demand for prostitutes, because the trade is extremely lucrative. It would take up too much space to describe the many moves in the fight against one of the worst evils of civilization.

When we come to the question of drug addiction, we find, as in the case of the traffic in women and children, the same class of venal tempters existing and flourishing. It seems hardly credible that certain people should spend their lives trying to induce the terrible habit of drug taking, but it is nevertheless true; such men and women exist in all countries. They use their evil influence for the basest motives; a connection between drug addiction and prostitution is easily imagined, but short of this the sale of the drug itself is a very remunerative occupation. The smuggling of drugs, thanks to international conventions, is becoming increasingly difficult and dangerous, but the reward tempts all kinds of adventurers. Great Britain is vigorously stamping out the evil and ruthlessly prosecuting all smugglers who can be caught, but there is much yet to be done. Drug addicts will pay anything for a supply of their especial form of poison and resort to almost any shifts to procure it. There is no evil where international intervention is more imperative.

This November two most important conferences will be sitting at Geneva, the

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first dealing with the production and export of opium, the second with the control of the traffic in manufactured drugs, both matters being highly controversial. America has taken a forward part in the fight both against the production of opium for smoking and the control of the illegal manufactured drug traffic, the latter being a menace to her population. Her representatives take up the perfectly logical position that the only way to control the manufactured drug traffic is to attack the production of the most important raw material, namely, opium. But a great deal of misunderstanding and misconception is prevalent on this subject, it being stated constantly that the Indian Government and the British Government are helping to debauch the world by flooding it with raw opium.

The efforts of the Indian Government to put down the smoking of opium receive scant recognition. Opium smoking in India is severely repressed; the manufacture of smoking preparations is forbidden, except by an individual for his own use from opium he possesses lawfully, and the possession of opium in the raw state is hedged round with restrictions and its sale kept down by the imposition of high prices, while the sale of prepared opium for smoking is absolutely prohibited.

The only part of India where the practice of smoking opium is more common than that of eating it is Burma, and from April 1, 1921, the Government of Burma has entirely prohibited the sale of prepared opium for smoking purposes. I cannot here go into the debated question of the difference between eating and smoking opium. In any case, the internal consumption of opium in India, whether for eating or smoking, is now a matter controlled by the Indian people themselves, through their Legislative Councils, and this must be recognized. The fact that the Indian Government sacrificed £4,000,000 of revenue before the war in the attempt to aid China in the suppression of opium smoking is apt to be forgotten.

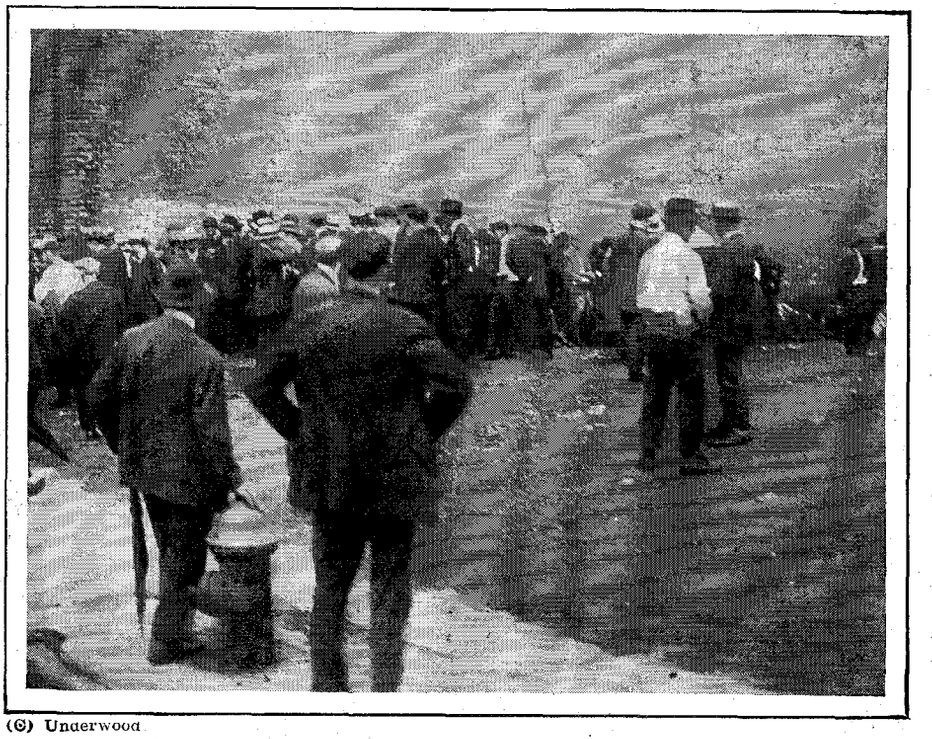
The Indian Government now exports opium only under license to other Governments, but it is notorious that many of these, including British crown colonies, import quantities largely in excess of what is needed for legitimate purposes. If I may be allowed to express a purely personal opinion, I hope that members at the Conference in November will agree to suppress gradually the entire export and import of opium except for medicinal and scientific purposes, and I should like to see the British Empire take the lead in this attempt.

All these questions are debated by representatives of the various countries concerned on an Advisory Committee which has been sitting recently, and it is hoped that an agreement has been reached with regard to recommendations to be made to the Council of the League. One thing is certain. The British Empire, including India, and the United States must go into the struggle understanding each other's point of view and giving credit to both sides for disinterested motives.

The questions bristle with difficulties of all kinds, and the more they are understood, the better hope there is. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of an organization such as the League of Nations in dealing with these matters. By no other body could the intricate difficulties of different nations be debated and combined efforts directed. And the only way in which such production of opium can be limited is by international agreement.

The second Conference at Geneva which is between all the States Members of the League, including America and, I hope, Germany, is to consider the question of controlling illegal traffic in manufactured drugs, such as morphine, heroin, cocaine, etc. The increase of drug addiction, chiefly among young people, is terrible all over the world. In spite of the restrictions already alluded to, these noxious products are still fatally easy to smuggle, for they are not only minute in bulk, but even small quantities can work very great evil. The plain fact is that no individual country can really check the illegal sale of manufactured drugs; nothing but international regulation and an international system of export and import certificates such as that devised by the League of Nations can be effective. If the League of Nations can bring the countries of the world together in a combined effort, it will have justified its existence by that alone.

It is pleasant to turn from these two great struggles to the constructive work among refugees done through the League of Nations. There is not space to recount all the relief given to Armenian, Russian, and other refugees by devoted men and women working under the direction of the League, and with funds supplemented from the League's chest. The most recent effort has been the settlement of the Greek refugees. The work is done under the supervision of the well-known American, Mr. Morgenthau, who is President of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission of the League of Nations. The whole aim of the Commission is gradually to secure the absorption of Greek refugees in productive work. Mr. Morgenthau stated that of about one million refugees who have returned to Greece from Asia Minor since the last war with Turkey, some 350,000 are now settled in productive work. The great need is for charitable funds to keep the rest of the refugees alive and in health, for the money advanced by the Greek Government and the League of Nations can be spent only upon the establishment of these poor people in productive occupations. Thus charitable funds from the



(©) Underwood

"The increase of drug addiction, chiefly among young people, is terrible all over the world." The picture (taken last year) shows a line of young men waiting to secure treatment for the drug habit from a municipal bureau (since discontinued), where thousands of drug addicts had registered for such treatment

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rest of the world are still urgently needed for this great experiment of grouping similar races together. There is, however, an end to the necessity for charitable help to the Greek refugees in sight, and once again the League of Nations will have directed a humanitarian effort and led it to success.

One word must be said about the work of the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation. The aim need only be mentioned to secure assent. This endeavor is passionately advocated by the French, and indeed by the Latin races generally, and though the rest of the nations may be slower and realize the practical difficulties more acutely, they too desire all forms of intellectual co-operation—exchange of teachers, experts, books, reports, and so on.

The League of Nations Assembly last year passed a recommendation to the Governments of the States Members of the League that they should grant railway facilities to Boy Scouts and students. This sounds a small thing, but it implies great things; it implies a comradeship of youth, an interchange of visits, a better understanding between the young of all nations. One other seemingly small thing was also recommended by the Assembly, namely, that all the States Members of the League should undertake to have children informed of the League and of the terms of the Covenant. Again this sounds a small thing, but it implies a great thing. Whether the world is ever again to be a welter of blood and horror, or whether it may gradually become a fairer place, those alternatives of the future lie in the laps of little children. The nursery is the seed-bed, and there the new aspect of brotherhood must be cultivated.

Meanwhile the League of Nations plods on. It would take another article to describe the combined work being done for the health of the world and for the regulation of labor conditions, grouped as they are at Geneva. Not only is the League adjusting the great quarrels and the dangerous rivalries of nations, but day by day it is silently weaving a network of international agreements round all the countries of the world, and these agreements are purged of the influences of national pride, or greed, or ambition. They are uniting the best spirits of each nation in a finer relationship, and striving to make a common attempt to lift the ideals of the world, and, having so lifted them, to translate them into action.

Pageant

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THOUGH I go by with banners,
Oh, never envy me
These flags of scarlet flying,
This purple that you see. . . .

This air of marching triumph
Was all that I could save
Of loves that had an ending
And hopes that had a grave.

Youth's Demand for a Practical Religion

By KENNETH IRVING BROWN

The first of six articles dealing with the religious thought and ideals of the younger generation. An editorial comment on this series will be found elsewhere in this issue

The strength of our country lies in the strength of its religious convictions.—*Calvin Coolidge.*

IN the very beginning, let me say that I am not a theologian, but a layman interested in religion; not even a trained religious worker, but by profession a school-teacher. At the request of The Outlook, I have recently visited various parts of the East, Middle West, and South to observe at first hand some of the religious expressions of our age. It would be presumptuous to present my observations as typical of the entire country, or even of all classes of any one section. What I have sought to do is to interpret sympathetically what young men and young women to-day are doing and thinking religiously. My years of experience have been too few for me to draw sweeping comparisons between to-day and yesterday; in fact, I have been inclined to extend the age limit of the term "young people" sufficiently to allow myself a place at the latter end. It is therefore not as an elder that I would write, but as a member of the vanguard of youth.

But how can one know the religious life of a community except by living among its citizens for a number of years? Therefore, in spite of the cordial hospitality which has everywhere been extended to me and the willingness of stranger-friends to contribute, I have often been at a loss to know how to unravel the tangled thinking which we see everywhere about us. I have sought the leaders of the communities into which I entered that I might have the benefit of their experience; but, in addition, wherever possible I have sought out young people—those who I was told were religiously inclined and those who were indifferent—that I might gain from them, so far as they were willing to share it, their position in what prophets have called the "new renaissance."

It is true that in large measure my observations have been among college students and college graduates. I have not neglected to meet and talk with non-college men and women; but it is my experience that only a comparatively few of our American young people who have not enjoyed the discipline and associations of college are thinking and feeling deeply or individually, and that these few, recognizing their handicap, are making endeavor through evening schools to repair their loss. America looks to her college-trained men for leadership, and there are no signs at present that the leadership in this spiritual awakening will come from other sources.

It is fair, I believe, to divide the race

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of young people religiously into three roughly sketched groups. There is, first of all, that circle which we may call pagan. It must be confessed that the pagans include many of the social and athletic leaders; and, containing the leaders, the group must perforce contain many of their thoughtless followers, those young materialists who go the course of least resistance, without dissatisfaction with the social order as it is, who eat, drink, and are decorously or indecorously merry, not because of any to-morrow-we-die philosophy but because of the lack of any constructive philosophy at all. To these numbers must be added the thousands of laborers, materialists likewise but not from choice, whose struggle for a decent livelihood, absorbing time and strength and initiative, leaves little opportunity or desire for enriching recreation or religious culture.

The Test of Tradition

At the other extreme is the group of traditionalists—those to whom religion is first of all an externally imposed body of doctrine, and secondly an emotional experience. There is in their faith no place for change. To them revelation is not a miracle of to-day, but of yesterday. Salvation is the effect of a single cause—a certain attitude of mind; the validity of that attitude they would test by the touchstone of tradition.

Those Who Seek

But there is a third group, fortunately large, which may be called the group of experimentalists. A religious experimentalist is he who seeks the spiritual tokens of life after ways according to his own nature, demanding that which he can test intellectually or emotionally, glorying in the future while revering the past. It is from this class that the religious leadership of our age must come—those who, having tasted and seen that the Lord is good, would pass on their discoveries.

The experimentalist is an inclusive class. May I suggest four widely differing, although not necessarily exclusive, temperaments which it contains?

There is, first of all, the "intellectualist," a type found more often, I imagine, among the men and women of our Eastern colleges than elsewhere. A junior at Harvard described them in these words:

> I'll tell you as I see it, to lots of college fellows God is simply another course to be mastered and criticised. Most students feel no need for religion; they imagine themselves self-sufficient, and are somewhat overawed at the powers and possibilities of their newly awakened mind. They crave to see that mind, to try it out, and, naturally, they start on the things about them. Religion comes to them from the outside, and they resent any element or phase of it which eludes the mind. I mean, they are intensely antagonistic to anything which must be accepted on faith. In cold, factual, logical reasoning about God they indulge, and whatever conclusions they arrive at are purely intellectual, affecting very little their personal lives. When they finish, they put them aside with their note-books and credit themselves with a pass in the course on God.

This is, to be sure, an extreme and unsympathetic statement of the intellectualist's position, but it indicates clearly his approach to the subject.

Organized Religion

To a second group the term "organizationalist" is applicable. This phase of experimental religion is more frequently found in the Middle West, where Bible classes and religious foundations and universities in general speak in numbers which to an Easterner are awe-inspiring. At Columbia, Missouri, I had an appointment to meet the head of the Baptist Young People's Union, a student at the University of Missouri. When he came, he brought with him two friends, likewise university students, the one the superintendent of the Battle Ground Mission (which, by the way, was built with money raised entirely by young people) and the other the University men's president of a Bible class with an enrollment of over a thousand. For an hour and more I listened eagerly as they told me of their plans and hopes for their organizations. It is in no sense of criticism that I call them organizationalists; but they appear representative of that class which looks to groups or denominations for the fullest expression of spiritual and humanitarian motives.

The Mystical Companion

There is, likewise, a third group, which for want of a better name we may call "supernaturalist." "Mystic" is not a term in best repute to-day; colored by Oriental occultism and pseudo-supernaturalism, it has won for itself undeserved disfavor; and yet, beneath, rests unscarred the experience which gave rise to the word. The supernaturalist is he who puts a mystic companionship with God first in his life. Within the past ten years there has been a revival of mysticism, occasioned in part by the separations of the Great War. But other causes have contributed, and chief among them is a disgust shared by some of our best young people at our prevailing materialistic philosophy.

I sat talking with two young men in the corridor of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and in our conversation I asked the question, "What do you mean by religion?" Both were silent for a moment, and then the older answered, thoughtfully, "To me religion is playing the game of life squarely and fairly, with one's self and the other fellow." But his friend objected. "It's that, of course; but it's more than that. God is there; religion [the word came desperately]—religion is having God for a pal."

The Eternal Hunger

And yet I would warn the reader that the young supernaturalist seeking God is not traveling the path worn brown by the feet of his fathers. It was my privilege recently to meet with a group of young men, most of them freshmen at a Boston university. They had come together for the intimacies of informal discussion, and spoke their minds freely on all matters. The conversation turned to religion, and one student, scarcely more than a youngster, was evidently listening intently. I was sufficiently acquainted with him to know that he was keenly in love with beauty of all sorts, devotional by nature, honestly seeking the experience of companionship with God. Mention was made of the frequency of student discussions on religious subjects. "Are you content," I asked, "with your intellectual analyses? Do you make any attempt to put your conclusions into practice?" My friend interrupted: "How can one be content with intellectual analyses? Do we not search intellectually because we feel a peculiar need? I am hungry for something to worship, I crave it; but the tangibles on which I can put my hands are not worthy of my worship. I am searching intellectually that I may discover God—I call it God—or something or some one on whom I can worthily bestow my devotion."

In the Service of Man

The name "humanitarian" is fitting for the fourth group—the largest of the four. These are they who oftentimes are constitutionally unfitted to enjoy the exhilaration of the supernaturalist or who sometimes are unable to assure themselves of those conclusions which the intellectualist reaches, but who interpret religion as a life. Here belongs the man who says (perhaps thoughtlessly, but the type is fairly common): "I can see no need for your doctrines or your personalities. Let morality be an end in itself." A college man of the East, intending to be a physician, assured me, "I know nothing of God, and I am suspicious of those who say they do. But man I can

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understand, and in so far as I am capable I shall serve him."

Intellectualist, organizationalist, supernaturalist, and humanitarian—cacophonous terms they are, and in nowise exclusive, for the organizationalist may not lack touch with the unseen nor the humanitarian genuine intellectual convictions, but nevertheless handy word symbols for the types of men who approach the interpretation of life by sundry paths. But they are all experimentalists—amateurs in the art of religion—for they would be quick to uphold me when I say that few of them represent a finished product.

Our prophets have prophesied a new renaissance, a spiritual awakening, a reinterpretation of the values of life in terms of the spirit. Contemporaries of such movements have never been able to understand properly the significance of events and persons about them, and I would not court failure. But of this I am certain: Here in this vast group of young people which I have called experimentalist is the raw material for a religious renaissance, or, as Mr. Glenn Frank has more happily phrased it, here is the "springtime of a new renaissance," awaiting intelligent Christian leadership.

I yearn for a seismographic mind as I endeavor to interpret what these, my contemporaries, are thinking religiously. But there is one demand which they all are making: religion must concern itself with life. Our forefathers were accustomed to say that religion was a relationship between man and God, that the relationships of man and man were the concerns of morality and ethics, but not of religion. It is more than a matter of phraseology when youth says that religion must be big enough and broad enough to cover all of man's relations with men.

The Divorce of Religion and Life

I TRAVELED last spring from Boston to New York with a young man from Washington, a man of concise and thoughtful ideas. I knew him to be a general favorite in his social set, but there were hundreds of dissenting voices ringing in my ears as I listened to him speak: "Religion? I say of it as Coolidge said of the League of Nations: it's a dead issue. Why consider it? You don't suppose that the modern man is interested in religion, do you? He may argue about it, but he never allows it to interfere. He is interested in the struggle between capital and labor, in the cleaning up of politics, in the bettering of international relations, but not in religion. . . . What is religion? My religion is my relation to God, and concerns no one but myself. As for economic matters and international affairs, they are entirely outside of this relation."

But to your honest-minded young person to-day such a divorce between life and religion is unthinkable, and economic matters and international affairs are not outside. The great demand which he is constantly making of religion is that it be practical. What are his most frequent criticisms of the Church? The Church is not meeting the problems of his life. What subjects does he choose to discuss when given leadership which he respects? The application of religion to life, to campus problems, or to factory problems, as the case may be.

The Thing, not the Word

"RELIGION" as a word, to be sure, is not often heard in the vocabulary of our young people, but the concept is familiar. At a gathering of students at Michigan Agricultural College when the question of a name for a certain movement was under consideration a young man said, "Let's not call it 'religious,' for that will give it the flavor of ecclesiasticism and oldish orthodoxy. Let's call it Christian, for Christ was a young man." And the conference voted to call the movement the College Christian Conclave. But my experience leads me to believe that in the East the college student would link "Christian" with "religious" as words in popular disfavor because of their unpleasant pious connotations. And yet the essential ideas beneath the words are alive, recognized, and cautiously admired.

> There was a bird
> That sat a tree-top giving love a voice.
> And never knew that singing made a song.

Is the American young person unknowingly religious?

"Sir, what do you mean by religion?" I had just finished the class hour and was hurrying to collect my wares, in preparation for a trip which I was to make in connection with these articles. It was a thoughtful sophomore who spoke, and he repeated his question as I hesitated. Resorting to the schoolmaster's characteristic evasion, I said, "How would you define it?" This is his answer. "I can get no further in my thinking than to define it as 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And my answer had to be, "Neither can I." He understood religion to be both mystic and practical, but the average young person to-day is emphasizing the latter half, sometimes entirely to the exclusion of the former.

May I cull from my note-book a few expressions emphasizing this demand for a practical religion?

1. On the opening day of a philosophy seminar one of my friends entered the classroom and took a vacant seat beside a Negro. He shook hands with his neighbor and fell into conversation about the course. Two weeks later a Jew stopped him. "There is something that I have been wanting to say to you. I saw you shake hands with the Negro next to you, and I wanted to tell you, that's the first time since I came to Harvard that I have seen a Christian practicing Christianity."

2. A Princeton sophomore wrote me: "I think that for practical religion Princeton's abolition of 'Bicker Week' is pretty fine. 'Bicker Week,' as you remember, was the time when sophomores were elected to clubs. The fellows realized that it was awful tough on the poor devils who didn't make clubs, and they are now trying to devise a better system. As the fellows who were already in clubs were the ones who started the movement, it was no 'sour grapes' business at all."

3. Whenever I inquired about the religious life of the campus at the University of Virginia, I was confronted by the question, "Have you studied our honor system?"

4. "But how can you tell if a man is religious?" I asked a college undergraduate. "By his life, can't you? I know a fellow, a freshman here, who knew that another fellow was planning to do something which wasn't honorable. It was nothing in his young life what the other fellow did, but he went to him and told him it wasn't decent. He didn't argue that he shouldn't do it because the Bible said so, but because it wasn't fair to the fellows with whom he had to live. I think that was religion."

5. In answer to a questionnaire sent to Harvard graduate students with this among other questions, Does America need more religion? one man wrote: "America to-day needs more religion, but not any cut-and-dry formulas about how God loves us all and how we will go to heaven if we are good, but a practical working basis for life and an attempt to solve some of the great problems of to-day." And the answer was typical of the replies.

A Seven-Day Faith

THE great demand that the experimentalists are making of their religion (by whatever name the experience may pass) is that it meet the insistent needs of Monday and Tuesday, and help them to solve the gnarled problems of human relationships. The religion of the new renaissance, whatever else it be, must be useful, since for an ornamental, Sunday variety of religion the world has forever lost its respect.

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Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—(No. 11 of a Series)

And out of the parade came a big idea

"NOW that we have won it, what are we going to do with this twenty-dollar gold piece?"

This question brought a lively discussion from a group of men and women who had just finished a line of march in honor of the one hundredth birthday of their city. That was more than twenty years ago on a hot July afternoon.

The winners were workers in a steel mill that was then just getting under way. Typical of the spirit with which they had entered upon a new enterprise, they turned out the largest number for the parade, and then found themselves in the possession of twenty dollars in prize money.

Their leader was a real leader. He knew how to win. He knew what would be necessary to keep on winning. So he said, "We won because we stuck together. And if I'm any prophet, we're going to make things hum down there at the mill. Let's get ready. Let's band together in an association so that we can mingle, and come to know one another. In that spirit we'll do our best work. This *twenty* will start us off."

Things have changed since that July afternoon of more than twenty years ago.

Now there is an association of thousands of men and women who work in the mills. Every worker is a member and helps support the association of the company. To the money contributed by the members, the company for which they work contributes an equal amount. There is a large downtown association house *always* humming with high grade entertainment, including music, dancing, dramatics, and athletic sports.

That little mill of those early days is now the proud parent of bigger and more modern mills—some of them in the home town of Middletown, Ohio; others in Columbus, Ohio; Zanesville, Ohio and Ashland, Kentucky. In all of these the Armco Association is the great center of mutual interest activities.

And the old spirit still lives. Many of those men of more than twenty years ago are still with the company. They have taken under their care hundreds of youngsters and brought them up in an atmosphere of "stick together, know one another, and do the best work."

Such is the Armco organization, the men and women who work together to give to the world the purest iron ever made in an open-hearth furnace.

ARMCO Ingot Iron is used for: gutters, downspouts, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, and other items of a similar nature. Ask your sheet metal contractor or your hardware dealer about ARMCO Ingot Iron, and be sure to identify it beyond question by the *blue* triangle stamped on each sheet before it leaves the mill.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

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Mary and Maggie

By GEORGE MARVIN

MARY CROSBY runs the rural school at Edgemont. In Edgemont Mary matters enormously. She matters considerably in the world. She works. More than that, she serves; plays her part in the big game, keeps the faith. And smiles while she makes good.

Mary works to good effect. When the second drive for Liberty Bonds came through the Edgemont territory a few years ago, quietly and with bright eyes Mary stepped up and took $700 worth. On the third drive she took $700 more. For her work in the rural school—from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. five days in the week and eight months in the year—she earns exactly $42.50 a month. You can't, and she couldn't, buy many Liberty Bonds on that. She and her husband own a fifteen-acre farm, unmortgaged. Crosby, who used to be an easy-going coachman up at Castle Hill, works too. Mary makes him work. Together they work the farm.

Crosby is what is called a "renter" in Virginia. While his wife is at school he works, in addition to their own real estate, portions of other farms in his locality on a percentage basis, taking his share in kind—stock, corn, cow-peas, vegetables, fruit, or whatever. From their own place and out of their "renter" profits the Crosbys sell chickens, eggs, garden truck, and fruit around the neighborhood. In February, after the annual "hog killin'," they have hams, sausages, and lard to sell. Edgemont is a small settlement, not much more than a cross-roads, at the center of a rambling community of big estates scattered over the red soil of the Piedmont section of Virginia. "Town," with its conveniences, is twelve miles away over a road which has only within the past year become navigable in all weathers. For several years Mary has supplied for the neighborhood some of the trade conveniences of town. At fifty cents a suit she sponges and presses by hand the clothes of some of the neighboring residents rather better than the Greek tailor, with his steam machine, does them in C——. She takes in sewing and mending. Her house, in a small way, is a sort of clothing exchange. Gathering in the discarded gowns and outworn suits of the Piedmont gentry, she revamps and repairs them so as to make them worth something to the colored community, who are glad to get neat old clothes of a good cut and fashion for a fraction of what they would have to pay for cheap new clothing. Mary Crosby "presents"—as the clothing manufacturers say—the autumn styles.

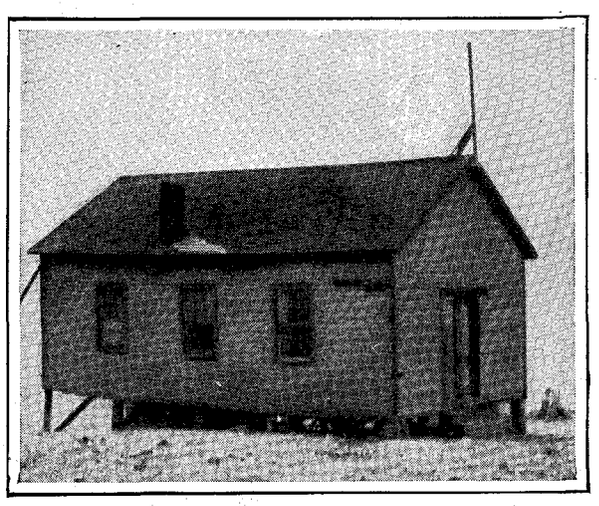
But that's not all that makes Mary matter. In the Piedmont section of Virginia—as everywhere else—it becomes increasingly difficult for love or money to get good servants. Mary is an employment agency for servants who generally turn out to be good. People go to her when they want a cook, a man to weed the garden, a nurse for the children, or a boy to do odd jobs round the place. If such are to be found, she generally finds them. But, as she says:

"The trouble with my people nowadays, so many of them, is they don't want to work. They works for money to dress themselves and go to the pictures, or go boilin' round the roads in a cyar. But they don't take much interest in the job."

She's right. But the "trouble" she complains of is not confined to her people. It is a white as well as a black shortcoming, a recognized failing among both the shiftless whites and blacks in the rural South. A Negro farm-hand, graduated from the county training school, gets very little encouragement by example from the white farmer who leaves his agricultural machinery out in the rain and won't take the time or trouble to mend his fences.

Mary's school, planted in a clearing of the fragrant pines near Edgemont, is founded on the rock of work. One-third of its cost was contributed by the Julius Rosenwald Fund from the North, the county put in another third, and the remaining third was raised by the colored people of the district themselves. The boys who attend the school, with a strong-armed parent now and then, made the clearing in the pines where the school stands; the wood, chopped, sawed, and neatly piled, keeps the stoves going through the winter. It is an attractive structure outside—clapboards painted white, with green blinds and trimmings and a well-shingled roof. Inside, through wide, high windows the sun pours over green plants and bulbs, the gifts of Mary's pupils and friends, where thirty-three children between eight and fourteen years of age, according to the requirement of the laws of Virginia, bend willingly over their book lessons, their sewing or weaving, their cooking, chair-caning, basket and table making, those bright rooms themselves registering their own lesson of association day after day. In richer or more fortunate communities, varied with concrete or brick, this is the

"In richer communities, varied with concrete or brick, this is the type of building which is gradually, all too slowly, supplanting—



—the rickety, dirty, draughty shanties of a day when no one really cared"

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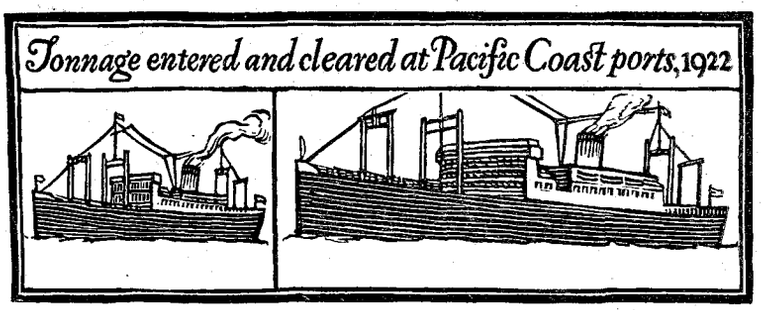

Tonnage entered and cleared at Pacific Ocean Ports, 1922

California	Washington & Oregon
4,981,365	10,140,222

The tonnage passing through the ports of the Pacific Northwest is more than double that passing through the California ports.

The leading ports of a greater commerce

On the highway of what is destined to become the world's greatest commerce—that of the dawning Pacific Era—some of America's youngest cities are astonishing us by the swiftness of their growth.

Seattle, forty years ago a frontier settlement of 4,000 inhabitants, with one crude dock and no railroad, today has a population of 350,000 and marine terminal facilities worth many millions of dollars.

Portland, in 1870 a town of 8,000, without a railroad, and carrying on a small river trade on the Columbia and the Willamette, is now a city of 280,000, exporting goods to the five continents of the world.

Tacoma's population since 1880 has grown from 720 to over a hundred thousand. Astoria, Bellingham, Coos Bay, Everett, Bremerton, Port Angeles, Gray's Harbor, and a dozen more, are stepping forward with equal speed into the ranks of the world's important maritime cities.

For the cities of the Pacific Northwest are the natural leaders of our rapidly-growing Pacific Coast commerce.

Two-thirds of that commerce already passes through their ports. That the great bulk of it must always pass through them is assured by definite advantages of location, of ideal harbor facilities, of a rich back country.

Nearer by several days' sailing to the chief points of Asia and the Pacific Islands than the California ports, they mark the principal route for America's future trade with the awakening Orient, where trade with the United States has increased two to four times within ten years.

Nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard, they are in quicker touch with America's fullest present development.

Through them flows the largest part of Alaska's 80 million dollar trade with the United States.

The region which lies back of them, the great Pacific Northwest, comprising the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is undergoing a development, in industry, in agriculture, in commerce, as rapid as their own.

In the Pacific Northwest, because of its growing commerce, and because of its tremendous undeveloped natural wealth, lie new opportunities for every business enterprise in the United States.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Burlington Route
NORTHERN PACIFIC
GREAT NORTHERN

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type of building which is gradually—all too slowly—supplanting the rickety, dirty, draughty shanties of a day when no one really cared.

All of this varied service and competence centers round Mary Crosby in her particular sphere of usefulness. She contributes the energy and eagerness; the desire to see and understand, the willingness to do, are hers. "Yours to serve, Mary Crosby," she writes in a big neat hand at the end of her reports and letters. But Mary was "bohn an' raised" in Edgemont. There is much of her present efficiency that was not native, but suggested. Some initiative, some incentive, methods and ways and means, had to come from outside. That is where Maggie comes in.

Maggie is the "Jeanes teacher" for the county of Virginia in which Edgemont is situated. In Maggie's jurisdiction Mary's school is only one of thirty-five with which she keeps regularly in touch over Virginia roads—and you have to *experience* a Virginia road to appreciate just what in the way of effective isolation the term implies—in all kinds of weather, supplying just the added incentive, initiative, suggestion, and encouragement which are needed in the rural schools and their constituent communities.

The school described at Edgemont is not an average school. It is well above the average, because its schoolmistress herself is above the average. But all the other schools in Maggie's district are exposed to the same advantages made possible by the Jeanes and Slater Funds. The Rosenwald money goes co-operatively into buildings; the Slater fund helps chiefly to build and equip county training schools; and by the bequest of a tiny old lady, Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, the income from her million dollars goes to "helping the small rural Negro schools." Maggie Burton is one of 269 supervising teachers maintained in whole or in part from this fund in 255 counties of 14 States of the South. This year she and her associates visited regularly in these counties 7,872 country schools. Their job, their duties, are, as Dr. Dillard, their director, says, unlimited. In the main they bring "life more abundantly" in usable terms into dark and neglected and often into discouraged places, helping and encouraging the rural teachers, introducing simple home industries, giving lessons on sanitation and hygiene, and improving schoolhouses, school grounds, and school morale. In all their endeavors they co-operate closely with the State and county public school authorities.

The "Maggie Burtons," eager-minded and devoted, are the most practical missionaries to their own people, for they deal with the foundations and they recognize facts. A typical "Jeanes" teacher

Well, that's Maggie. Like Mary, she matters considerably in Albemarle County and not a little in the South, she and her kind. To understand just how they both matter let us consider three products of their joint labors and concern. Consider, then, in turn, Ambrose, Anna-Francis, and little gray-eyed "Captain."

At Edgemont Manor, where the land-poor descendants of one of the best Old Dominion families take paying guests the year round, whatever is to be done Ambrose does. Before daylight he has milked the cows. Then he kindles fires in the rooms of the guests, whom he wakens with his cheery "Good-moanin', sir" (or "ma'am"). At breakfast time he is on hand in a spotless white coat to wait on table. Ambrose collects the eggs and wrings the necks of the hens dedicated to the cuisine over which his mother presides. He saddles and harnesses horses, chops and saws wood, scrubs floors, makes beds, and goes to the post office, two miles away, for mail. Other boys accomplish something of this kind. But Ambrose bathes, and brushes his teeth. He keeps his well-brushed clothes on hangers, and his boots, which he polishes with those of the guests, he aligns in pairs along the wall of his clean cabin.

Small considerations these, perhaps, though none too common among Ambrose's people. The significant thing in Ambrose's case is this—significant as bearing on the most recent development of the colored problem in the South:

Ambrose has a relative in Newark, New Jersey, who wrote last year extolling the higher wages and social advantages to be had by migrating northward. More effective than the urgings of the labor agents, because more continuous and accumulative, are the influences thus brought to bear upon the Negroes of the Southern States by those of their own kin or acquaintance who have gone before into what they think is, if not a happier, at least a juster land.

Like thousands of his people, Ambrose took the bait last summer and went North. He stayed two weeks. Then he came back to a sunnier South a gladder and a wiser young man. In Newark, with shorter hours, he made more money. But he could not save as much. He lived faster but not as well, and spent all his savings keeping up with the colored Joneses. Said he on the morning after his return to Dixie, as he started in with saddle-soap to clean neglected harness:

"They ain' got nothin' up there we ain' got down here. Jes' mo' speed, that's all. An' yo' doan' amount to nuthin'. Nobody know yo' name, an' nobody ain' studyin' bout yo' any time of the day. No, *suh!*"

Anna-Francis graduated from the

"Anna-Francis ain' studyin' 'bout no jazz"

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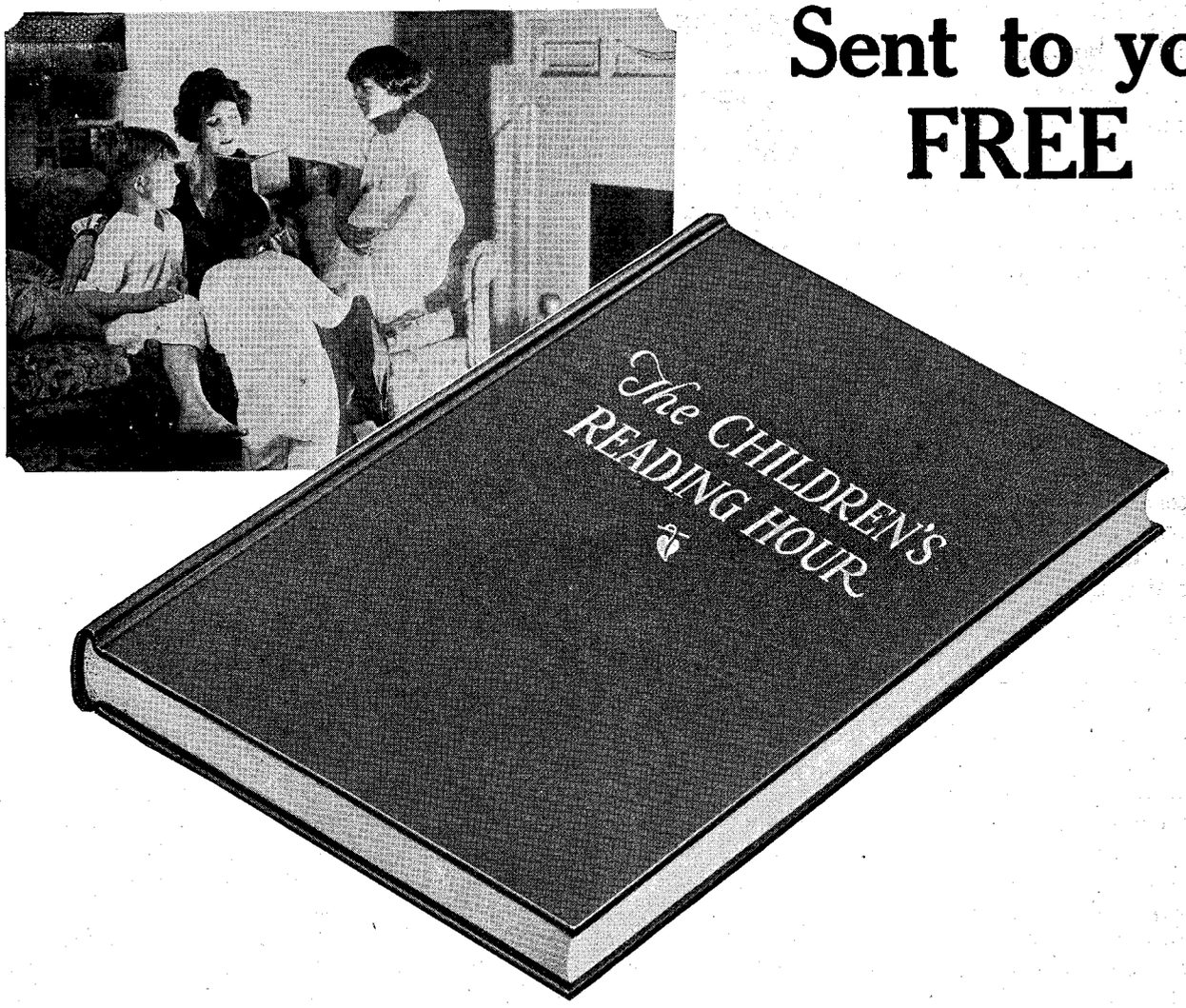

The book that will help a million parents

EVERY mother and father dreams of the time when they will begin reading stories to their children in the good-night hour. But when at last, their age of understanding comes, what a bitter disappointment awaits. Wearied by the thousand cares of the day they approach the story-hour with fear and perplexity instead of with pleasure.

What to read tonight? The mind is too fagged to answer. What story? There is such a multitude to choose from—how can they find the one exactly suited to the age of the child and the season of the year? Yet all the time there is the insistent plea of "a story, Mother."

A trying task for all

Each night's story must be intensely interesting. There must be variety, and yet the stories must be linked together. Only in this way can each night's reading make a sure advance in the child's understanding. Some of these stories must be about nature and about the things of every day life; others must be from imagination's sweetest fancy. How can one solve all these complicated requirements when their Highnesses are fretting for a new story!

A book that solves these problems

At last, what doctors have done in arranging menus and diets for children has been duplicated in the arrangement of famous and interesting stories for daily reading to children. There need be no doubt on what to read on any day, at any age.

Educators specializing on children's reading have gathered the choicest treasures of story and fable from all nations and all ages including the present. But most important of all, they have scheduled the proper stories for each day of the year, planned the reading according to the growing needs and growing tastes of children.

This plan or daily schedule of reading is placed in a beautifully bound book of rich blue cloth covers and almost 200 gilt-edged pages. A limited number have been set aside for Free distribution to mothers and fathers.

The greatest educational plan ever devised

Under the guidance of this book, "The Children's Reading Hour," every reading gives definite progress for the children. A new fascination is in each reading hour. Stories that deal with nature are arranged for the proper season; in the early Spring evenings the children hear about the return of the birds and the budding of the first flowers; in the late Autumn are descriptions of the animals preparing Winter quarters. So also, all the holidays and festivals have their appropriate stories. Thus the mysteries of nature and even history itself are unfolded before the wondering minds.

In order that all parents may be given the aid which they urgently demand this handsome book, "The Children's Reading Hour," is offered Free to all who will send the coupon. This book contains in addition to the schedule of daily readings a number of valuable essays on the art of reading and the teaching of reading to children. "The Children's Reading Hour" is sent without any obligation and with only the charge of 25 cents in coins or stamps to help defray the costs of handling and mailing. As the edition allotted to this Free distribution is limited you are urged to send the coupon at once.

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Gentlemen: Without obligation send me at once "The Children's Reading Hour," the handsome book in which is the complete plan for reading famous stories to my children so that each day will have that story most appropriate and most interesting. To pay for the handling and mailing charges on this blue cloth book of nearly 200 gilt-edged pages, I enclose 25 cents in stamp or coin. There is to be no additional charge.

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training school last spring. She is "goin' on sixteen." Her mother is dead, and she helps her father run his small farm and make it pay. This last harvest the old man got about forty bushels of corn from each of his acres. Right alongside Anna-Francis, working out "the agricultural home project agreement" with the intensive methods learned at the training school, harvested an average of 56 bushels from her three acres. With the patterns supplied by the Jeanes teacher Anna-Francis makes her own clothes and the clothes of her little sister, who still goes to the rural school four miles away, whither Anna drives her each morning in the yellow-wheeled buggy and calls for her at three every afternoon. Anna-Francis's fences are mended, her floors are scrubbed. There are curtains in the windows and a clean table-cloth every Sunday. On the shelf, where her "prize" clock keeps reliable time, stand the books loaned through the rural school by the "Lend-a-Hand Library." On Sundays, in trim hat and well-fitting dress, Anna-Francis, bound for the Baptist services at S——, is devastating. She has beaux on foot and suitors in flivvers, most of them drones. But, as Ambrose says, "Anna-Francis, she ain' studyin' 'bout no jazz."

Little Captain, aged thirteen, does the chores at home for his mammy before he hits the trail on foot each morning for the rural school a mile or so from his cabin. At the front or rear door of that cabin visitors wipe the glue-like red mud from their shoes on mats of braided corn-husks which Mary Crosby, at the instance of Maggie Burton, taught Captain how to make. Captain made the brooms which keep the cabin floor reasonably clean. On autumn Saturdays he rakes leaves, carries wood, weeds the "gyarden," and hauls garbage at Edgemont Manor, where on Sundays, when there is a large attendance, in one of Ambrose's white coats, three sizes too large, he helps Ambrose wait on table. There is a glib saying in the South to the effect that the mulatto is an economic loss and a social tragedy. But if such is the tendency of miscegenation, you can't look into Captain's steady gray eyes or contemplate his steady labors without realizing that effective agencies are at work to check that tendency.

The latest phase of the perennial "Negro problem" is the general and increasing migration of Negroes in their thousands from the Southern States of their birth and traditions into the Northern States of supposedly better advantages. Higher wages are only a part of the impulse. Whatever the majority feeling in a given locality may be, the Negro cannot be blamed for wanting a square deal and a better chance nor prevented from trying to find more promising conditions. Upon the serious considerations involved, for both the South and the North, many reports have been written, many addresses made, divers conventions and commissions and committee meetings assembled. It is undoubtedly a matter of profound importance.

But listen to this lighter litany which came the other day in the mail from a Southern man who has given the best years of his life to the "colored problem," maintaining nevertheless his sense of saving good humor.

"From near-sighted Negroes," he writes, "and cross-eyed po' white folks, good Lord deliver us.

"From professional uplifters and all 'come-on-boys' and community workers, good Lord deliver us.

"From Northern Negrophiles and Southern hill-billy Negrophobes, good Lord deliver us.

"From all the o'erguid and the unco' bad, from Volstead and Anheuser-Busch, from prohibition and all other tyrannies, from bootleggers and wood alcohol and sudden death, and from all superior clay and the self-righteous, good Lord deliver us.

"And that it may please thee, good Lord, to reveal to race commissions and all other pat-you-on-the-back organizations *that the average Negro goes along living his life according to the best of his lights, and the average white man wants him to have all that's coming to him.*"

Speckled Trout

By George Witten

Norman Clark listens to a fish story, sees a gleam of hope, and tries to save a desperate situation

NORMAN CLARK worked with his bookkeeper until late into the night. But no amount of checking and tallying would alter the figures. There was a decided deficit. Flexible Glass was in a hopeless condition; only a miracle could keep it alive.

Shortly after twelve o'clock Clark told the bookkeeper to go home. There was nothing more to be done on the books; they were in perfect condition, and told the story accurately. He wanted to be alone—he wanted to think. But the bookkeeper hesitated to leave the gray-haired man. He had known Norman Clark all his life. When a schoolboy he had looked up to him as the leading light and genius of the town. As a young man his ambition had been to enter his employ. He knew the financial condition of the corporation, and he knew that its collapse would be a terrible blow to the proud and honest Clark.

"Aren't you going home, sir?"

"In a little while," Clark replied. "I must think out a solution. Good-night." His tone was decisive and left nothing for the bookkeeper to do but depart.

Outside Barney, the night watchman, sat with chair tilted against the wall, slowly puffing his pipe. "Is the boss still working?" he asked.

"Yes, and you'd better keep an eye on him. He's had a hard day; he's overworked, and ought to be in bed this minute."

"I'll be taking my chair and sitting inside out of the night air."

Alone, Clark turned to the safe and brought out a package of papers. These were matters that required immediate consideration. In less than two weeks the mortgage interest must be paid. The pay-roll, which came before anything else, and *must* be met, would use up most of the funds on hand. A pile of unpaid bills stared coldly at him. Back of it all was a long list of stockholders, many of them his employees, who had waited patiently for several years for a return on their investments. These people had put in their money solely on their faith in Clark.

Failure of Flexible Glass would mean loss for the shareholders, hardship for the workmen, and disgrace for Clark. The fine name and fortune that he had built up through long years of hard work would melt away and leave him stripped. If he were a young man, he might come back. But he was sixty-five—too old to start over again, and with a handicap. He returned the papers to their shelf in

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the safe. On the shelf above them lay a loaded automatic pistol.

Clark lifted the pistol and tried the grip. Holding it there in his hand, he gazed for a moment at the package of papers, then toyed with the automatic, looking back and forth from one to the other. There was a sound of movement behind him, and he turned to meet the large, smiling face of Barney.

"I just came in, sir, to tell you about the whopping big fish I caught this morning. It was this long, and weighed four pounds. The prettiest speckled trout you ever looked at. I'd been fishin' around the Old Point rocks for three hours—"

Norman Clark returned the pistol to its place and closed the safe door, while Barney elaborated on his fishing achievements.

"A day with a rod and reel in your hand would do you a heap of good, sir," concluded the night watchman. "I'd be more than pleased to row you out where I know you'd be sure to get plenty of strikes."

The offer of Barney touched the corporation president, for it typified the general feeling of the employees of Flexible Glass and the populace of Waterville toward him, and brought home to him more strongly the enormity of failing. No, he must not fail. Flexible Glass had to live, and pay dividends. Clark took a grip on himself, and determined to fight it out.

"I think you're right, Barney," he said. "It's really a rest I need. I won't forget your offer. We'll make a day of it together in the near future."

In a small private office at the top of one of New York's sky-scrapers, overlooking the East River, three master stock swindlers met in consultation on the same evening that Norman Clark and his bookkeeper had worked so late in an effort to adjust their financial difficulties.

"You say that Flexible Glass is ripe for a reload?" asked Beatty, a dark, heavy-set man.

"Yes; old Clark has put up a game fight, but he's sweating now. We didn't leave him more than thirty per cent; he's carried on with that for over three years, and come darn near making it go." Mack, the second speaker, had managed the sale of the original stock of Flexible Glass, and had bled the corporation so low of funds that he knew it would be only a matter of time till it would be in need of assistance, and had watched it closely for three years.

"All right," said Beatty, "we'll send Clark a preliminary letter to-night. Jones, you be ready to go out there and take charge of matters. It's going to be easy pickings! Those fellows have a good proposition, and, from what Mack says, they have great faith in old Clark." He reached for a form letter, slipped it into a typewriter, and inserted the heading.

The next morning Norman Clark, hollow-eyed, nervous, and desperate, found this letter on his desk. It was sealed in a plain envelope, and marked "Personal." With trembling fingers the president of Flexible Glass tore open the envelope and, spreading the neat sheet of business paper before him, read:

Mr. Norman Clark, President,
Flexible Glass Corporation,
Waterville, New Jersey.

Dear Sir—Are the finances of your corporation just as you would have them? If not, consult us. We are business doctors, and can advise you on how best to adjust your affairs. Our methods are fair and equable. We work solely on a commission basis. Consultation is absolutely free, and all consultations are held in strictest confidence.

Communicate with us to-day, either by letter, telephone, or telegraph. Our representative will call upon you at your office, and at our expense.

Very truly yours,
THE FINANCIAL ADJUSTMENT CORP.,
WILLIAM K. BEATTY, Secretary.

Clark read and re-read this message, which seemed to him like a rope thrown to a drowning man. Hope began to revive, and with hope came desire to fight and win. "Consultation is absolutely free," he read. It would cost nothing to find out. They would send a representative at their expense to see him. Reaching out for this straw of hope, he picked

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up the telephone and asked the operator to give him Long Distance.

The genial and businesslike Jones arrived that afternoon, and immediately assumed charge of the situation. It was really a very simple and easily adjusted condition. Just something that nearly every successful enterprise had gone through. Mr. Clark had undertaken the work with insufficient capital, but there was nothing to worry about—in a few weeks the affairs of Flexible Glass would be in a better and stronger condition than ever.

"All we need is a National advertising campaign," said Jones. "You have proved that Flexible Glass is flexible, and that it will fill a long-sought necessity. Now all we have to do is to let the world know that we have Flexible Glass."

"Advertising costs money, and our treasury is worse than flat," said Clark.

Jones smiled. "That is a matter easily overcome. In the days when non-assessable stock had not been heard of corporation directors had only to meet and vote an assessment. Now the procedure is a little different, but the end accomplished is the same. We simply increase the capitalization, and call upon each stockholder to buy twenty-five per cent of the value of their present holdings. Then we put on a big advertising campaign, and sell to the public as much more as is necessary for the purpose of raising funds for production."

"And your fee for managing this?"

"The usual twenty per cent and expenses."

Clark thought long and hard, but he could see no other way to save the situation. He would have control of the campaign throughout. Jones had assured him he would remain in the background, giving advice when necessary, and acting only as a fiscal agent.

A stirring campaign followed. Flexible Glass became the talk of the country. Jones "very kindly" helped to place the advertising, and pocketed some large commissions from that source. Under his able direction shares in the corporation began to sell at a premium. Nothing was said to the stockholders about a shortage of funds. Oh, no! What the corporation was doing was expanding. Getting ready to meet the increased demand for Flexible Glass.

Things began to hum around the factory. New workmen were employed, and the force divided into two shifts. Clark again held his head high. He took his holiday and went fishing with Barney, the night watchman. The new issue of stock sold rapidly. Jones collected his twenty per cent commission, and another forty per cent for expenses. Then with Flexible Glass sailing before a strong breeze with all canvas set and Norman Clark at the wheel, the jovial Jones left Waterville and returned to the city.

"Well, how did you leave old Clark and Flexible Glass?" asked Beatty.

"Oh, great!" laughed Jones. "They'll ride for about a year, then they'll be ready for another trimming. That old sucker Clark sure has got those people buncoed; they think he's a little tin angel. Well, I've tied him up with a bunch of contracts that will squeeze him dry before the year's out. Then it will be your turn to lend him a helping hand. Mack and I have done our bit."

A year later Norman Clark and his bookkeeper again tried to balance the books against a deficit, but this time the deficit ran into thousands, where before it had merely been hundreds. Again the bookkeeper was sent home, and again Clark took the pistol from the safe, but this time the smiling Barney was not there to tell fish stories.

The Book Table

A Symbolic Monkey[1]

A Review by R. D. Townsend

If Mr. Galsworthy's post-war extension of his "Forsyte Saga" has a title that seems out of tune with his wonted cultured urbanity, it is because his White Monkey is more symbol than animal. The weird and sad-eyed creation of a Chinese artist, this monkey with the squeezed fruit rind in its paw seems to say: "Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped in doing it!" Also he "thinks there's something beyond, and he's sad or angry because he can't get at it." And to Soames Forsyte, that "dry file," the allegory was revealed as of the young people of the new and rushing era. "They talked too much and too fast! They got to the end of interest in this, that, and the other. They ate life and threw away the rind." One of the younger generation, Michael, husband of the uneasy and restless Fleur (daughter of Soames), himself a fair and generous fellow, exclaims in his puzzlement: "What's wrong with us? We're quick, and clever, cock-sure, and dissatisfied. If only something would enthuse us, or get *our* goats! We've chucked religion, tradition, property, pity; and in their place we put, what?" There is a symbolical Pekingese pup, too, who looks his message, "There is nothing new about the future."

But let it not be thought from this allegorical side glance at London society to-day that Mr. Galsworthy has written a cynical novel. In this book those who have fortitude, kindliness, and honesty of heart fare well and win satisfaction. We leave Fleur contented, if not passionately in love; Michael happy in having saved his married life from ruin; Soames gratified in his deep desire for a grandson—on the whole, a solidly cemented family out of reach of the modern whirlpool of restlessness.

The author's attitude as a keen-eyed but unembittered observer of social phenomena is admirably maintained. There is a strong sub-current of humor. If the smile is slightly ironical, it is not intolerant, nor is there any note of hopelessness, nor any wish to moralize.

Of all the stories dealing with the annals of the fecund Forsytes, this one least needs the aid of the genealogical table which accompanies the group of novels and tales included in the "Saga." It stands on its own feet, its lines are simple and clear, and it can be read with full pleasure and complete understanding by one who has never even heard of "The Man of Property" and the books that grew out of it. It is true that those who do know those books will have a certain added interest and perceive a special flavor in "The White Monkey;" but Fleur's problem stands by itself, Michael is a new and attractive figure, old Soames is far more interesting here than young Soames was when he was persecuting his not by any means faultless first wife. The movement of plot and development of characters flow with constantly arresting ease and engrossing interest. In sheer workmanship Mr. Galsworthy has never given his readers anything better—probably nothing quite so good. It was a real triumph, for instance, not only to make Soames's business complications interesting but actu-

[1] The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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ally to make a directors' meeting tensely dramatic.

So long as English-writing novelists of our day can produce fiction at once as entertaining and as socially illuminative as this book, we need neither regret the Victorian demigods of the past nor despair at the futility and banality of a large proportion of the stories of our day.

The New Books

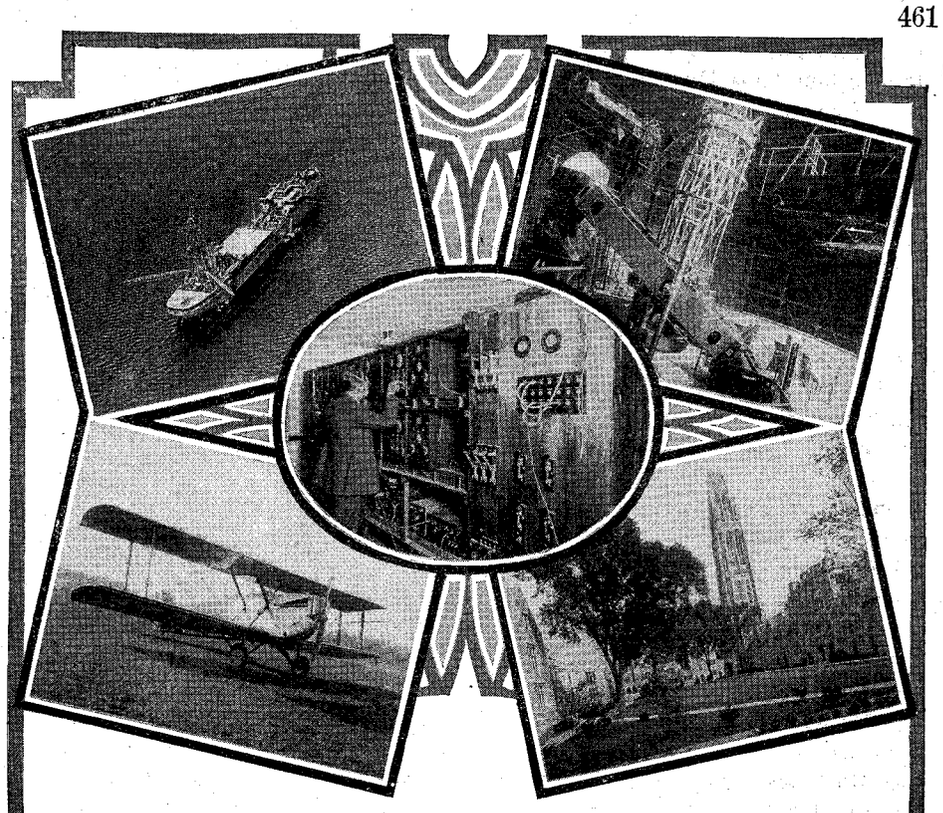
FICTION

AFTER THE VERDICT. By Robert Hichens. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Hichens had a novel and intriguing plot idea in presenting at the outset the distress of a man who has been acquitted by a jury of the charge of murdering a woman, but who knows that every one he meets thinks, "There goes the man who escaped hanging," and that many say, "After all, is he innocent?" The girl he loves marries him and believes in him, but his distress increases until they take refuge in vain under assumed names in Africa—you can't keep Mr. Hichens away from Africa! The reader has no clue, until almost the end, about the who, why, and how of the crime. Psychologically the book is subtle and strong. The situation is naturally an anguishing one, but the agony is prolonged over altogether too many pages.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

One review of Miss Sinclair's book is headed "Arnold the Magnanimous"—self-effacing would be the better adjective. Arnold lets the world at large, and all his relatives and the women he loves in particular, run over him without any of that courage which belongs to magnanimity; he sacrifices himself, but he does it tamely and flabbily. His mother is a bigot and snob; his father drinks himself to death; his brother is a dissipated scoundrel; his sister is a prig; he is himself a poet and dreamer, but he gives up his aspirations and becomes a clerk to help his unworthy and ungrateful family. Perhaps this flabbiness (or nobility, if the author insists) is what makes the reader feel less interest in Arnold than in some other of Miss Sinclair's subjects who are more salient and less complex, such as Canon Chamberlain in "The Cure of Souls" or the gross Waddington of Wyck. Moreover, Arnold wanders about too vaguely, in his longing to know the unknowable and in his searchings in philosophy and metaphysics, really to be entertaining company. More exciting is his success in loving two women at the same time, while his wife is equally successful in loving two men at the same time. Apart from drawbacks inherent in



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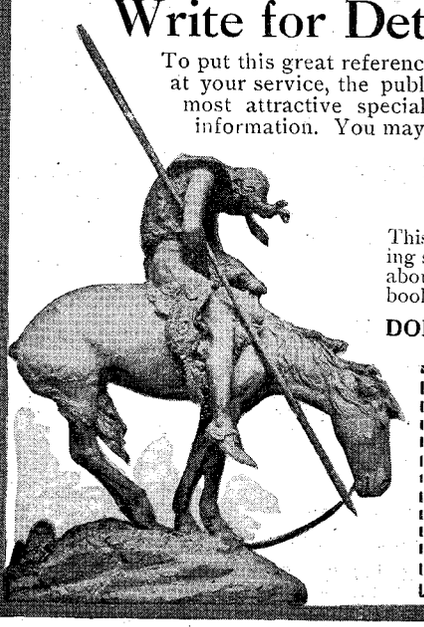

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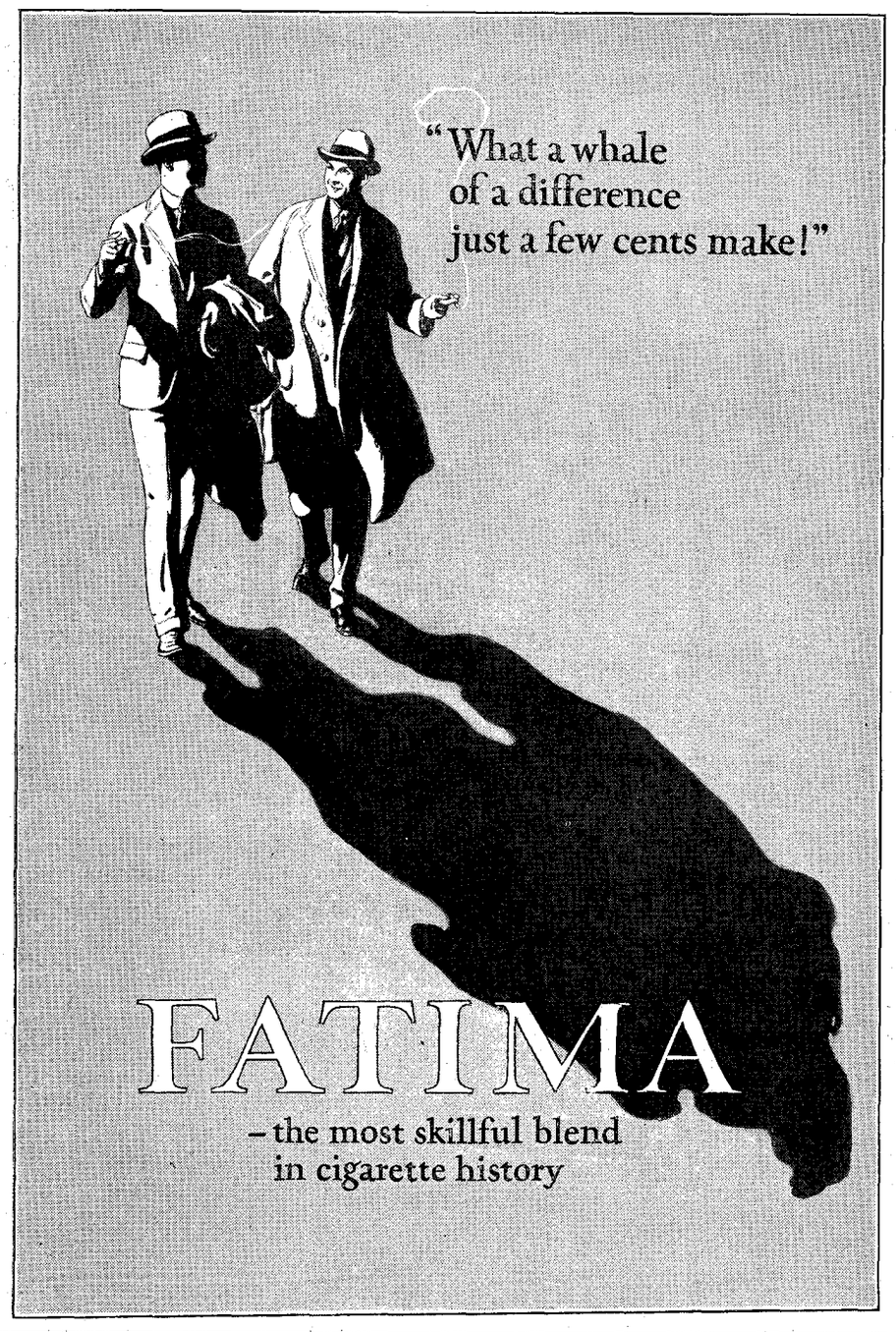

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the very idea of the novel, it is a remarkable study of an honorable, mystical-minded man who dimly seeks after a spiritual something which is "at the back of things," who is a Hamlet in lack of vigorous decision, and who therefore always decides against himself instead of in favor of justice as against others.

QUEEN CALAFIA. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

In the familiar romantic manner of Ibañez, "Queen Calafia" we may suppose to be a novel with a serious purpose, though this might not strike the casual reader, more prone to fancy that the author had written with an eye on American screen rights. Queen Calafia is the pseudonym of a widowed Californian millionairess, Mrs. Douglas, who unites in her person the beauty of Diana and her chastity, together with an amazing physical strength and dexterity. Mrs. Douglas often drives her own car through the streets of Madrid to the wonderment of the inhabitants, unaccustomed to feminine self-sufficiency. Despite the lady's apparently unconquerable virtue, a handsome, *naïf* young Spaniard, whose father she had known and loved years before, awakens dormant passions, and she dreams of a new happiness. The fact that the young man is engaged to a girl of his own age and class, the daughter of a university professor, alone dissuades her from marrying him. Moral ideas and quixotic abnegation rise superior to love.

The foregoing is the merest suggestion of the plot, to which it is impossible to do justice in a brief space. Ibañez idealizes the American character as Tacitus idealized the German, and doubtless with a similar motive; for he is a modernist with a mission to break down the rigidity of the Old World's social structure, a republican, and a sworn foe to the military autocracy now ruling Spain. Granting that neither in this country nor any other has there existed a woman who combined the noble virtues, the æsthetic sense, and the moral force of Queen Calafia, if you enjoy Ibañez, this, his latest book, will not disappoint you.

BIOGRAPHY

EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE (THE). Editorials by William Allen White. Selected from the Emporia "Gazette" by Helen Ogden Mahin. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The selections cover the period of twenty-nine years since Mr. White bought the Emporia "Gazette." To a good many people Kansas means bumper crops, cranks, and William Allen White. This book justifies Mr. White's reputation. There is store here of buoyant spirits, humor, horse sense, neighborliness, hard swipes, homely satire, human sympathy. Faults, of course, also, a great many—excess of sentimentality,

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excess in many sorts. But how many editorials are readable a week after their appearance? And here is a fat book of editorials, most of which are worth reading, many delightful. It is interesting to trace in them the transformation of the "standpatter" into the "progressive rampant." You really get from this book a whiff as it were of Kansas at harvest time. Who could have imagined such a phenomenon in a book of old editorials?

DAVID WILMOT, FREE-SOILER. A Biography of the Great Advocate of the Wilmot Proviso. By Charles Buxton Going. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Illustrated. $6.

Always in public affairs there are men whose interests and activities are inextricably mingled with the greatest names and movements, yet who remain secondary and background figures in history. The political eddy that brings a man to a Vice-Presidency or a chairmanship may mark the difference between fame and oblivion. David Wilmot's name was from the first identified with the cause of the famous Proviso which, first agitated in 1846, was finally passed under the stress of war, in 1862. Its phrasing, as finally adopted, is purely Jeffersonian; the machinery of its ultimate adoption was started by other men; but Wilmot more than any other had been its sponsor and supporter from the beginning. His name therefore is not forgotten. But he has had, till now, no proper literary monument.

Here we have the full story of the man and his work. Making due allowance for the enhancing effect of the biographical method, we see him, outside of his special mission, as an agile politician, an effective speaker, a worker in many ways useful under our party system of government. Within his mission he is of larger stature: the parent and prophet of that piece of Free-Soil legislation which forever prohibited the extension of slavery under the American flag. A landmark in our history, it is well that we now have this careful study of the man who set it up.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK. By Konrad Berkovici. Illustrated by Norman Borchardt. The Century Company, New York. $5.

An exposition, somewhat sketchy and with a fictional flavor, of racial characteristics retained by immigrants to the metropolis. From that standpoint, such a record of personal experiences and impressions can be checked up only by one who has similarly mixed with the people whom the author describes, and where could such a one easily be found? Prejudice the author either has very little or he has suppressed it. Yet sympathies will crop out, as in the chapter on the

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Feel it ease the pain in those muscles and joints at once. And in the morning, you are as fit as ever. Absorbine, Jr. breaks up congestion by quickening the circulation.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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Negro. There is evident keenness to find and present racial attributes preserved "untarnished" by contact with the New World. It is interesting and amusing reading, especially if you do not apply the yardstick of expert criticism, as did Dr. G. F. Black, Mrs. Joseph Pennell, and others to the chapter on Gypsies. There is a reportorial—or "special story" writer's—tang about the book and a certain looseness of statement. Printers' errors are so common a game that one may refrain from going gunning here.

The detailed indication of streets where various nationalities are grouped is not unlikely to start off the souls in search of new thrills—plentiful enough—on racial slumming expeditions. But the old New Yorker will easily wander off into bypaths of amplification or reminiscence. He may hunt for statements to disprove—such as the one that Leopold Damrosch "produced Wagner as early as 1888," or the one placing coyotes in the vicinity of New York. He may note omissions—say, the Villa Napoli or the marionettes, in the Italian chapter, or Greek inroads into the retail confectionery business, or Spanish theaters, or French visiting actors (Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Jane Hading). Or he may go back to the original purpose of Arlington Hall and the Garibaldi Theatre (once Everett Hall), or the troops of fine heavy truck horses passing through the horse-selling district, or the many other things suggested by the text, that have barely passed around the corner of time. But there, there, this is a book essentially of to-day, not an antiquarian record—and even yesterday is already so far off. Perhaps some one may take up the very slight cue given in regard to odors, and write an article on the odors of New York—a rich topic, sirs, with a wealth of suggested commercial activities and racial customs.

The illustrations sometimes rise above a generally neat and conventional characterization. If they were only labeled or listed!

COWBOYS NORTH AND SOUTH. By Will James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

"I was born and raised in the cow country," says Mr. James, "I am a cowboy, and what's put down in these pages is not material that I've hunted up." A cowboy of genius. The drawings are superb and irresistibly humorous. From page 29 on the text is almost worthy of the drawings, and sometimes quite so. Chapter VIII, "Piñon and the Wild Ones," is a masterpiece. Any one who can finish it without a lump in his throat is fit for stratagems and spoils. A glorious book! Every doggone dude back East who reads it will join in the holler: "Stay a long time, cowboy!"

STORY OF DORSET (THE). By Zephine Humphrey and Elizabeth Sykes Lee. The Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vt. $2.

That town is fortunate which has a historian who is able to do more than gather facts. Zephine Humphrey, author of "Over Against Green Peak," has made an unusually interesting and amusing book in telling the story of the town of Dorset, Vermont. Dorset is a place of more than usual beauty, which has always had the loyal affection of its natives, as well as a strong attraction for others. The book, which is sold for the benefit of the Dorset Public Library, is well illustrated with drawings by Katherine Field White.

TO LHASA IN DISGUISE. By William McGovern. The Century Company, New York. $5.

Tibet is a cold and desolate desert country of over a million square miles. Its average elevation is 15,000 feet, but its many snow-clad mountains rise 5,000 to 14,000 feet higher. Every fourth man in the land is a priest. Living in monasteries, where they quarrel among themselves, they are usually fanatically hostile to the foreigner. Rarely has a traveler penetrated their forbidding country to its mysterious capital at Lhasa or conversed with its high priest and emperor, the Dalai-lama, whom most Tibetans believe is both omniscient and omnipotent.

Traveling at first with companions, the author was bitterly disappointed when the expedition was turned back to India by the Tibetan authorities. The storms of the winter had closed the passes, but he decided to attempt the journey disguised as a Tibetan coolie. Although he spoke the native language, discovery probably meant death. This book is Mr. McGovern's thrilling account of his trip, in which he tells us much about Tibetan life and customs. At the start the little party nearly perished in the snow at 18,000 feet. Across the plains the icy wind often swept at one hundred miles an hour, while the temperature ranged from 30° below zero at night to 120° above at noon. Food was difficult to obtain, and the treachery of his native servant, Satan, often imperiled his life.

After incredible hardships and in constant fear of detection by the natives, the author arrived at Lhasa at the time of the New Year celebration. For lack of room he was refused admission everywhere, until taken in by an official, who, he soon found, was the one specially charged to stop his entry into Tibet. Revealing himself, McGovern was compelled to remain in hiding to prevent being torn to pieces by the fanatical

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"The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease."
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THE LAZY COLON

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By CHARLES M. CAMPBELL

Associated with

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The publishers believe this book on intestinal stasis (constipation and allied disorders), based on the experience of over 350 physicians and scientists of international reputation, who are either digested or quoted, is one of the most important offerings of the decade.

Not a health book in the ordinary sense or one given to theories or fads, but carefully written by competent people to meet a general requirement for authentic information of the *newer methods* since the first use of X-rays in 1907, only seven years before the World War, in the treatment of this menacing condition. That date marked an epoch in the successful study of the intestinal tract.

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List of Chapter Titles

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$2. By mail, $2.10

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priests. While a prisoner of state he had interviews with important officials, including the Dalai-lama. There is much interesting information about this strange city that is proud to live in complete ignorance of the outside world and cares nothing for the opinion of foreigners. Eventually this venturesome and unwelcome traveler was given safe-conduct back to India.

SCIENCE

ICARUS, OR THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A very pessimistic picture of the world as it may become through unhappy applications of scientific discoveries; provoked by Mr. Haldane's "Daedalus," an attractive picture of the world as it may become through happy applications of the same. Interesting of course, for Mr. Russell is never dull; a book to be read by all means, but scarcely worthy of so distinguished a mind. "It may seem," says Mr. Russell, "as though I had been at once gloomy and frivolous." It does seem so.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE (THE). By C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50

Written by Englishmen and drawing much of its illustration from British achievement, this volume is nevertheless quite general in its application. It is not the usual treatise on styles and orders, but deals with understanding and appreciation of the architect's message. The facts that "voids are as eloquent as solids," that lights and shadows form part of the conception, that site and surroundings greatly determine the design, that "architecture properly evolves out of purpose and materials," that "every art has its peculiar quality"—all this and more is told in language untechnical and with many a happy phrase. Many things are considered: America's opportunity and influence (*e. g.*, in office and factory construction), railway stations, preservation of river fronts, the possibility of teaching architecture in schools, the advisability of architectural criticism in the public press. Public and private buildings are frankly discussed, pro or con. Old conceptions, such as the one that the building should express its construction, are attacked, but it is rather the indiscriminating application of a theory that is objected to. The "ferocious stickler for originality" is found equally objectionable.

The whole matter is summed up in the statement that "architecture should be a thing growing closely out of the tastes, desires, and needs of the designer and the user." As the authors say, we can-

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orange blossoms
and the
warmth
of spring
await you
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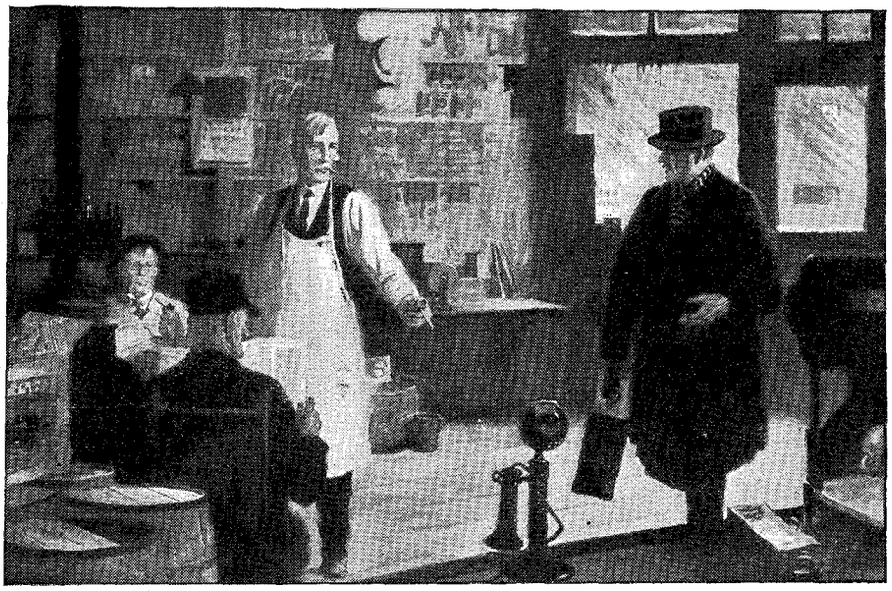

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not escape architecture. It is inevitably with us, good or bad. Hence this plea for a better understanding. It was worth the making, and is well made.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

NON-VOTING: CAUSES AND METHODS OF CONTROL. By Charles Edward Merriam and Harold Foote Gosnell. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.50.

Mr. Merriam is Professor and Mr. Gosnell is Instructor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. The book records the results of earnest interrogation by "experts" of some 6,000 persons entitled to vote in the Chicago mayoralty election of 1923, but who did not vote. They were asked why they did not vote, the idea, of course, being to deduce certain general conclusions as to the causes of non-voting.

Perhaps the book will prove of some value to very intelligent specialists, but this reviewer profoundly doubts that it can have interest or value for the general reader. One suspects mendacity or inadvertence in a considerable proportion of the replies quoted. The suggestions as to "methods of control" are not very convincing.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS. By Gilbert Seldes. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This book discusses the movies, the comic strip in the newspapers, jazz, vaudeville, the circus, and so on. It has been severely denounced in some quarters, perhaps because the author had been an editor of the "Dial," a magazine which sometimes engaged in the juvenile pastime of trying to shock the old folks, even at the cost of printing a good deal of material which was nonsensical without being funny. It was also suspected that Mr. Seldes, the idol of the "intellectuals," in coming out in praise of Charlie Chaplin and Krazy Kat was actuated by the motives which may make a clergyman, in the smoking-car, tell a story with a swear word in it—just to show that he can be a "regular feller." These criticisms were unjust; "The Seven Lively Arts" is an entertaining and often a sincere book. The only affectations in it are the labored reasons which are given to prove that one movie actor is funny and another is not; or why the man of taste may laugh at one newspaper comic artist and not at another.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES. From the Great Masters. By Percy Macquoid. The Medici Society, Ltd., London, England, and Boston, Mass.

Here is a book to delight the artist, the designer, and the dressmaker. The golden age of children's costumes, as depicted here by famous artists, is in the past, according to the author's somewhat

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pessimistic pronouncement: "Revolution suddenly appeared and then all that appertained to the costume of the old world was swept away. As a reaction shapes and patterns had a tendency to become more practical and consequently more economical, but in the process of this methodical reconstruction all suggestion of original pictorial romance disappeared forever." In the name of proud motherhood we respectfully dissent; charming children are still charmingly dressed, we affirm, though no doubt less "pictorially" than in the good old times which this book celebrates entertainingly in text and beautifully in pictures.

FOUR NEW VOLUMES IN THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. (Text and Translation in each case.) Vol. II of the **Lyra Græca** (translated by J. M. Edmonds, three volumes); Vol. III of Plautus (translated by Paul Nixon, five volumes); Vol. III of Livy (translated by B. O. Foster, thirteen volumes); Vol. IV of Herodotus (translated by A. D. Godley, four volumes). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These volumes are worthy additions to that library of the classics which is one of the most charming and valuable literary enterprises of our day. The translation of Livy is especially fine, and was really needed, being the first good translation in modern English of that delightful historian. "Lyra Græca" is the name given to the remains—alas! how meager—of all the Greek lyric poets from Eumelus to Timotheus, excepting Pindar. The editor has added text and translation of the extant references by the ancients to the poets and their works, with illuminating glosses of his own, with charming result.

Notes on New Books

THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS, WITH THE FRAGMENTS OF BION AND MOSCHUS. Translated by J. H. Hallard. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Translation into English verse. Doubtless only a great poet could have done better, but—"a translated poem is like a boiled strawberry."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By Arthur Weigall. New and Revised Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

An interesting and vigorous work; a rehabilitation of the character of Cleopatra, against whom the charges which have been made originated with enemies. The chapter upon Cæsar is an especially direct, clear, and admirable essay.

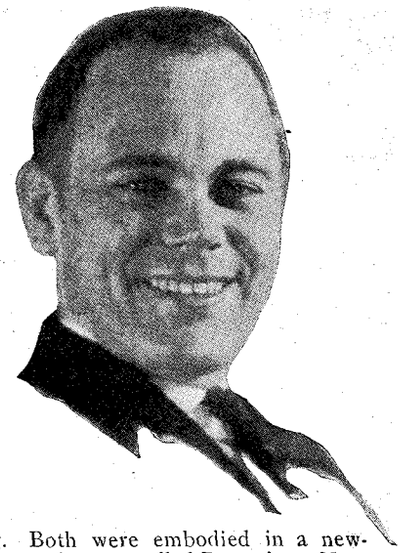
COASTING DOWN EAST. By Ethel Hueston. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Chatty but pleasant account of a trip along the coast of Maine from Kittery to Calais. On the whole, the charm of this beautiful region is best reproduced in the pencil sketches by Edward C. Caswell which illustrate the book. But the maker of pictures is always a more successful describer than the writer of words.

THE RIVER OF SEVEN STARS. By Arthur O. Freel. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

A journey up the Orinoco River in search of a legendary "lost white race." A good narrative of travel, which would be even better if the author would forego his love

One Week Ago



Those teeth had a dingy film

Accept this offer and try for a few days a new teeth cleaning method. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

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Now your teeth have a viscous film. It clings to teeth, resists the tooth brush, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Became alarming

So few escaped these troubles that conditions became alarming. Then dental science sought ways to fight film.

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Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Watch these effects for a few days. You will quickly see and feel them.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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3-in-One *The High Quality Shaving Oil*

displaces moisture and lather which wiping doesn't remove from between the microscopic teeth of the razor blade. Prevents invisible rust forming on the cutting edge; also guards against corrosion due to atmospheric moisture, particularly salt air moisture.

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3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. To avoid substitutes, ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red One on the label.

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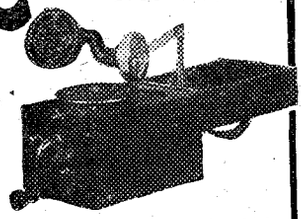

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for Spanish words and phrases. He sprinkles his pages with them like a Victorian lady novelist displaying her French.

THE WANING OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By J. Huizinga. Edward Arnold & Co., London. 16 shillings.

The mediæval ideas of chivalry, of love, of death, religion, art, and life learnedly studied and expounded for modern readers.

THE SEA GYPSY. By Edward A. Salisbury and Merian C. Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A voyage in a yacht, visiting the Andaman Islands, Somaliland, Sumatra, Samoa, and other points south.

THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Harry Morgan Ayres, Will David Howe, and Frederick Morgan Padelford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.

An anthology in prose and verse covering the entire range of English literature.

DAVID BALFOUR. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Another addition to the list of books of adventure for which Mr. Wyeth has made beautiful illustrations in color.

NEW ENGLAND HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM A MOTOR CAR. By Thomas D. Murphy. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $6.

Visits to the historical places of New England. Illustrated in color and half-tone.

SUPERS AND SUPERMEN. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Comments upon many men, living and dead, by a writer who is called fiendishly clever by some readers, and offensively smart by others. We will not be neutral, but will express an opinion, that the book is as fresh as paint.

THE SOUTHERN OLIGARCHY. By William H. Skaggs. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. $5.

An attack upon political conditions in the Southern States, written by a native of Alabama.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By David Saville Muzzey. Ginn & Co., Boston. $3.60.

The second volume; from the end of the Civil War to the present. Author is Professor of History in Columbia University. Chapters on America's part in the World War are full, very statistical, and yet thoroughly readable.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by John Buchan. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.

A systematic work for reference and study, rather than for continuous reading.

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. By Robert H. Lowie. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

By a Professor of Anthropology at the University of California. Based largely upon investigations among the American Indians.

THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. One hundred years of the Springfield "Republican." The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

History of the Springfield "Republican," one of the best of American newspapers. It is also the Aristides of American newspapers; it has always been called "just" by its friends, and this term is accepted by its biographer and by itself. An able newspaper, with more than a touch of self-righteousness.

THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING. By George S. Dougherty. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Readable chapters upon modern crime and upon police work. Well-informed and clear in style. Author was a deputy police commissioner in New York.

THE BROOKLYN MURDERS. By G. D. H. Cole. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

A detective novel. Two murders take place in an English theatrical family named Brooklyn. A story of more than usual skill and interest. Some good amateur detective work, and odd investigations into the night life of London.

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Bill Adams's Dog

DEAR OUTLOOK—Perhaps you remember a letter I wrote you over a year ago, telling you of how I had attained a boyhood ambition and had become the owner of a white bulldog? You published the letter in The Outlook. Well, the dream is done!

That little white pup grew to be a grand white dog, with a wonderful disposition. Every day in summer-time I go for a swim, and from the time he was seven weeks old he came with me and insisted upon following me in the water. This summer he learned to follow me from the diving-board.

He looked utterly ferocious. When agents came to our door, my wife, who dreads agents above all things, would say, "I'll hold the dog, while you go," and the dog just then appearing round the corner, the agent would rush to the road. All that the dog would have done would have been to grab the man's trouser at the cuff and to wag his tail and pull—a trick I had taught him when he was a puppy.

When one of us picked roses, he came along after we were done and, rearing up on his hind legs, bit off buds—I don't know whether it was to try to be like us or just to tease us with a threat of no more roses.

Last week he pulled four newly made nightgowns off the clothes-line, dragged them to the strawberry bed, and rolled himself in them. He always knew that there would be one of us who would say, "You can't lick a pup just for being a pup."

Every evening he came at the same time to the back door, asked to be let in, went to the kitchen cupboard, and took his dog biscuit; then trotted out with his stumpy tail in the air and a smile in his eyes.

The kids on the block all knew him, and he loved them all in an absurd "tumble you over and jump on you fashion."

Last night I had to shoot him.

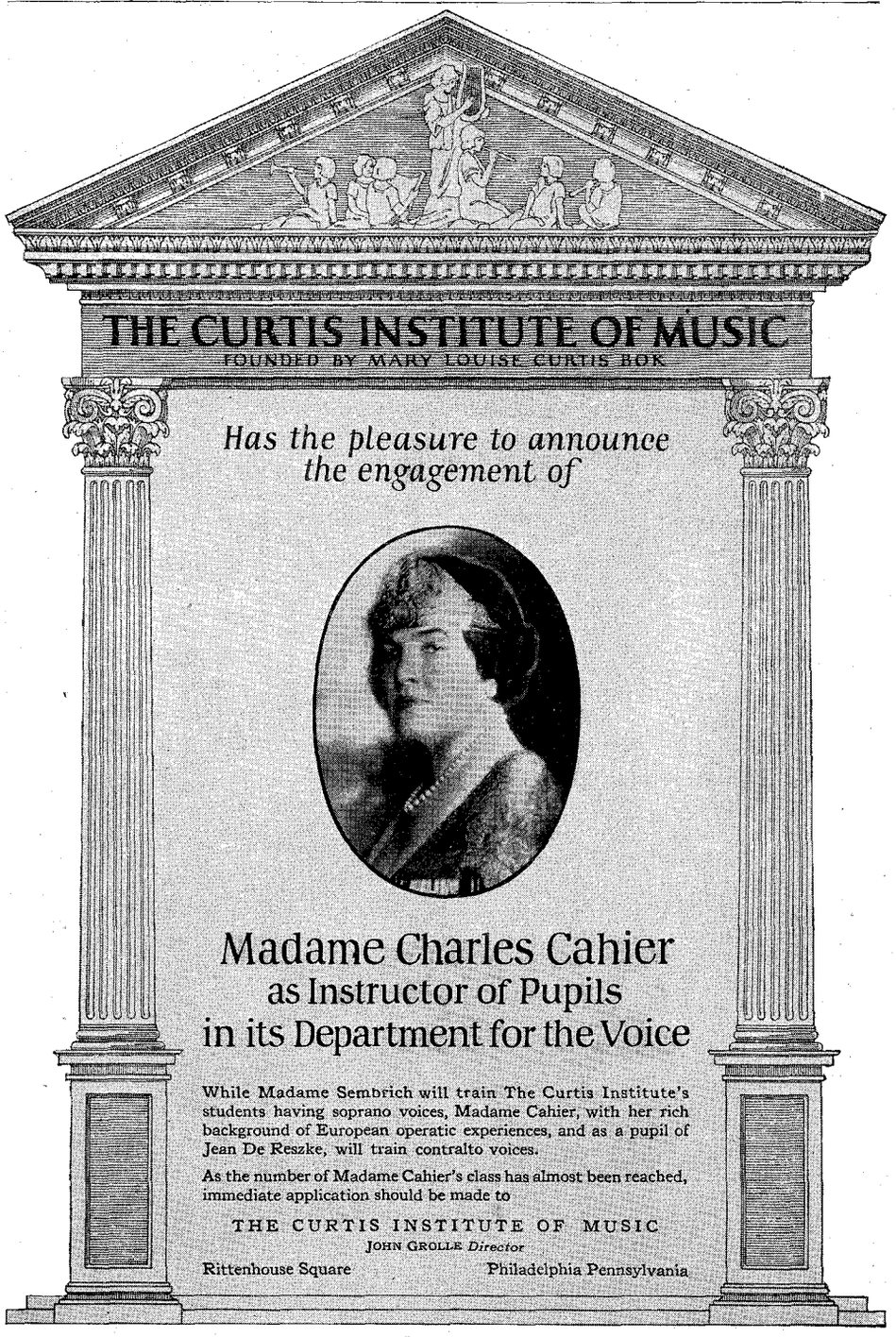
For five evenings he had had sudden spells of awful terror. Last night was the climax. At the end of a period of barking with some dreadful dread he came gasping to us and looked into our faces, begging for help, for relief from his pain.

It was a brain torment, the result of distemper, and incurable.

This morning white clothes hang on our clothes-line and the rosebuds sway. An old deaf man who every morning came to the fence to give him some little tidbit came as usual this morning, and I had to hide while he whistled the Bosun.

(Continued on page 470)

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES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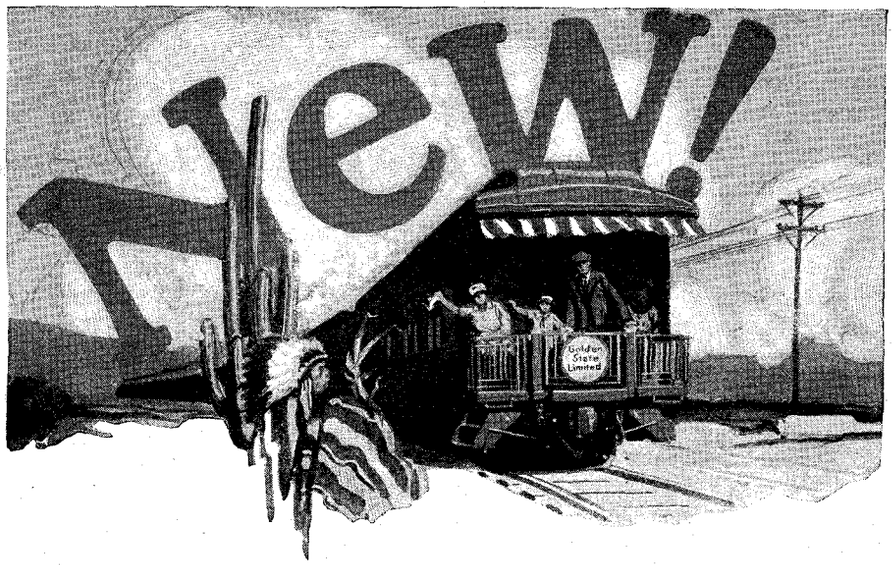

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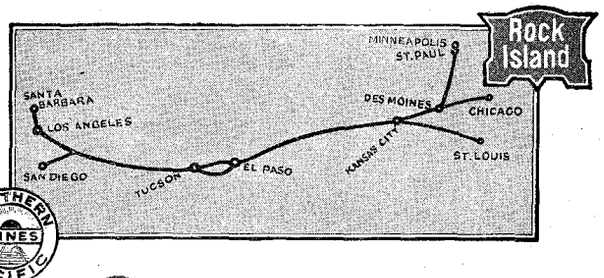

Golden State Route

from CHICAGO ST. LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL KANSAS CITY

I've had the fulfillment of my boyhood's ambition—the very perfect dog.

I have kept my last dog.

I'd like to hope there is a dog star. If there is, he is up there, worrying some sedate old collie with his clownishness.

It's odd, how empty life can be when a spark of real love has to perish from one's little home, isn't it?

"Only a dog! What a fool a man is to fuss about a dog!" some would say.

I hope he is tugging at the end of Peter's gown, trying to peer earthward and see where I and my wife are and what we are doing!

"How white are the dead dog's teeth!" as Christ is said to have said when he passed a dead dog by. BILL ADAMS.

Contributors' Gallery

GOVERNOR JAY J. MORROW (Brigadier-General of Engineer Officers Reserve Corps) retired from the Corps of Engineers of the Army at his own request, after more than thirty years' distinguished service, and after more than five years' continuous service at the Canal as Engineer of Maintenance and Governor. He tendered his resignation as Governor five months before the expiration of his term. His resignation was accepted with regret by President Coolidge and Secretary Weeks. In accepting Governor Morrow's recommendation Secretary Weeks commented as follows:

> It is with regret that I accept Governor Morrow's resignation. He has had charge of the affairs of the Canal Zone since my incumbency in the office of Secretary of War, and his administration of the Canal has always had my full approbation. I do not know of a better-conducted governmental operation than the Panama Canal, and the excellent results obtained in that activity are due largely to the high ability of Governor Morrow and his efficient assistants.

KENNETH I. BROWN is a graduate of the University of Rochester, and until last June was a graduate student and instructor in the English Department of Harvard. Mr. Brown is at present spending a year abroad as traveling fellow from Harvard.

DAME EDITH LYTTELTON (the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton), British Substitute Delegate to the League of Nations Assembly of 1923, has been for many years in public work, and received her honor for her part in organizing the reception of the Belgian refugees in the war. She was also instrumental in the raising of the Women's Land Army. She has served on various public bodies and commissions, is a vice-chairman of a Trade Board and a magistrate.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single rooms, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, bath, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J. J. E. GRAPE, Prop.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Furnished bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. 6 miles from Santa Barbara, 2 miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Cal.

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One of the Best Small Ranches in Central California
14 miles from Hollister; 82 acres, 60 cultivated, nearly level, very rich valley land. Abundance of running water all year. Everything grows. Fruit, vegetables, etc. Ideal for stock. Individual irrigating system. 5 crops alfalfa this year. No healthier climate in the world. Price $20,000, terms on one-fourth, if desired. Address HORACE LANGDON, Monterey, or WM. H. LANGDON, Hollister, Cal.

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Sportsman's Country Home 28 acres; ½ mile Connecticut River water-front; hunting, fishing, boating and bathing. 10-room house, bath, laundry, furnace, piazzas and fireplace. Best condition. 2 miles R.R. depot. Price $15,000; half cash. Owner, Buena Esperanza Farm, Essex, Conn.

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Trial quarter box, oranges or grapefruit $2, tangerines $2.50, all by prepaid express
Complete season price list on request.
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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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CHARMING personal stationery, rich blue printing on exquisite Alpha Bond paper, club size, 6⅝ x 5¼. 200 single or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes with name and address printed for $1. Packed in attractive gift boxes Sent postpaid within a week. The P. & R. Printers, 1733 Gregory St., Chicago, Ill.

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INTELLIGENT, well-bred young American or Canadian to take care of two little girls three and four years old in small family, Washington, D. C. Must be healthy, cheerful, and honestly fond of children. Kindergarten training would be great asset. Personal references required. 5,601, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined young woman as governess of eight year old girl going South in January; must be in good health, good tempered and fond of children. References required. Box 95, Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED—Young woman of experience, with good education, to care for two boys, 6 and 2. Must be in good health and of cheerful disposition. Desirable position; Jersey suburb one hour from New York. In answering give full particulars and send copies of references. 5,586, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMERICAN nurse, California or abroad with semi-invalid or convalescing patient; take full charge. Salary secondary. Nurse, General Delivery, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

AMERICAN woman, qualified by training, experience, and temperament, desires superintendency of institution for adults or children. 5,591, Outlook.

COMPANION—Refined young woman, excellent references. (Miss) Ava Whitney, Bucksport, Me.

EDUCATED, traveled young woman desires position in New York as companion for part of day to read French, English, or do secretarial work. Address 5,604, Outlook.

EFFICIENT, Protestant, American widow with experience wishes position as companion-caretaker for semi-invalid. 5,592, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, capable of managing home, refined, desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person going South or West for winter. EXCELLENT references. 5,566, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 5,598, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, managing, of ability, tact, wide experience with servants, desires position boarding school, institution, or private home. Address 5,584, Outlook.

IS there family who would like assistance of up to date, capable elderly woman during winter, good cook, fine sewer? 5,590, Outlook.

LADY, Protestant, will assume household responsibilities for bachelor family or invalid where help kept. Unquestionable references. 5,585, Outlook.

POSITION required as companion by well educated, English woman. Nursing experience. Address A. C., 541 Elm St., Rome, N. Y.

REFINED lady, companion to middle-aged or elderly lady. Will travel. References exchanged. 5,600, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant American as companion or companion-housekeeper to lady or elderly couple. Salary $65 per month. 5,595, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wishes position to read several hours daily to elderly person or to student. New York only. Address 5,599, Outlook.

YOUNG man, well educated, good typist, desires position as companion or secretary to traveling gentleman. 5,596, Outlook.

By the Way

A PRETTY young lady who is "homely" seems a contradiction in terms to an American, but the British use of the word homely as meaning home-loving is certainly justifiable. Here is an example, culled from the advertising columns of a London social sheet:

Young man (24), at present on shift work as a greaser, wishes to meet and receive a photo from a pretty young lady, 20 to 26; must be homely and refined; one who can do a little swimming or would like to learn; object, matrimony; etc., etc.

A subscriber tells this story: A conceited lecturer hired a hall in a Western town and advertised himself in terms of high eulogy. Coming to the platform on the evening of the lecture, he found one lone auditor in the rear of the hall. He addressed him in sonorous tones: "My dear sir, it is no fault of yours that this place is not crammed, jammed full, and as a reward for your loyalty I shall deliver my lecture as if a vast audience were before me." As he was about to begin, the lone man called out, "Well, hurry up about it! I'm the janitor and want to put out the lights!"

Wife (with first checking account)—"Oh, John, the bank sent me back all the checks I paid bills with last month, so I haven't spent anything!"

Among the uses to which the X-rays discovered by Professor Roentgen in 1895 have been put, according to the "Amateur Electrician's Handbook," one of the most curious is that of examining oysters in the pearl fisheries. Those found by the X-rays to be without pearls are returned to their beds unopened, in hopes of later developments!

The Arabs tell of a thief who broke into a house at night, Paul W. Harrison says in his book "The Arab at Home," and after looting the place came upon a small gold box which seemed very valuable. After some effort he was able to open it. It contained a box similar in character but smaller, and this when opened held a third. The final inner casket contained some fine white powder. The thief was curious to know what sort of powder was preserved with such extraordinary care, so he tasted it. It was salt. Salt is the bond of hospitality in Arabia, and the robber, having thus unwittingly partaken of the hospitality of the house, immediately replaced all the stolen articles and left!

In the above-quoted book the author says that once an Arab is won to friendship he is unshakably loyal. Mr. Harrison was in a boat accompanied by two Arab helpers. An Arab on the river bank called out, "You there! What do you mean by carrying that Christian around with you?" The two men seized clubs and ran up the bank and compelled the stranger to apologize. "What made you so angry with that man?" the author said on their return. "He called you a Christian!" "Well, that is what I am." "That is all right," said the loyal Arabs; "we know you are a Christian, but he is not to call you one—not while we are around!"

An American woman met James Stephens, the author of "The Crock of Gold," at a reception in Dublin, the London "Sphere" says. She could not remember the title of his book, but its association suggested "Money" to her, and that brought "Hard Cash" to mind, though she had forgotten that Charles Reade was its author. So she remarked: "Oh, Mr. Stephens, I'm delighted to meet you. I did so enjoy your book, 'Hard Cash.'" "Thank you, ma'am," he answered through the merest shadow of a grin; "and how did ye like my 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

From the "Brown Jug:"

"Darling, when you are away I have your picture in my mind."

"Oh, Eddie—how small you make me feel!"

Answer to charade in last week's issue: Tea-chest.

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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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15 beautiful hand-colored Xmas cards. No two alike. 15 envelopes to match. Send $1 for all. Regular $2 value. Money returned if not satisfied. Scholl Studios, 7 South 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

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MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Boarders. Private family. Tidewater. "Newstead," Nuttall, Va.

IDEAL New England home offered for one or two children. $15 weekly for one, $25 for two. 5,588, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, traveled, experienced tutor, hospital training, receives children in mid-Southern home. Includes instruction grade subjects, French, music, outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. Write 5,546, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

OLD fashioned boiled cider apple sauce. Direct from farm. Circular. Lee O' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

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